No. 2417.—Vol. 94. SEPTEMBER 21, 1907.

THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER

AND ILLUSTRATED TIMES

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.

200 FIREMEN FIGHT TO SAVE £20,000.

On Monday morning a terrible fire was raging in Gabriel's timber-yard, Surrey Commercial Docks, for great stacks of creosoted timber baulks and thousands of scaffold-poles fed the flames that were rapidly spreading from stack to stack. Over two hundred firemen, with thirty engines and floats, were soon on the scene, but the fire was not got under until about two o'clock, great difficulty being experienced in preventing its spreading to the shipping lying close at hand. Damage estimated at £20,000 has been done. Our photographs illustrate the gallant efforts of the firemen to keep the conflagration confined to the timber-yard. Their efforts were rewarded with success.

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TWO SIDES TO EVERY QUESTION.

Should We have Professional Players?

FOR.

GAMES on the village green are very well in their way. They are an excellent antidote to the local tendency to go slack when there is no work to do. It is all very well in its way, too, to speak of the real spirit of village-green football and cricket, and to boast of its chivalry and honesty; but we are none of us, even the inveterate village-greeners, to be flattered into a belief that either game would ever have arrived at its present standard of skill if village talent only had been made responsible for the improvement in sport.

No matter what our attitude, we must admit that the playing of games is a serious business, and no serious business can be conducted by amateurs. It is true that amateur policemen have before now cracked heads, and that amateur firemen have burnt their fingers in a noble endeavour to extinguish fires; but these worthies have never shone beside the men who have made a profession of dealing out law and water. To extract the best that is in a man, and to gain his serious attention to the matter in hand, you must

ENGAGE HIS SERVICES ON STRAIGHTFORWARD BUSINESS PRINCIPLES,

and results have shown that this truth applies equally to the maintenance of a high standard of play in cricket, football, billiards, and other games into which the professional has been enrolled. The opponents of the paid player will, of course, hold before us the example of the first-class county amateur; but they will not convince us that the quality of play that the amateur has to achieve is other than that of the paid man who is put in the field with him.

It is not as though a natural gift for games which, with careful and continuous training, might give the world a great player, were confined to the classes who can afford to devote their whole time to sport, and are at the service of those who call them to any part of the country. Fortunately (or unfortunately, if professionalism is to be barred) there are not infrequently lads of the working class who have in them the making of players worthy of the strongest foe, and whom every lover of sport must desire to see devoting their whole energy and ability to training and developing their talent. Now, without the acceptance of the principle of professionalism, such valuable fighting material must be practically lost to the world of sport. Saturday afternoons, and hours snatched after a hard day's work, are not sufficient to make a first-class exponent of any game. It is the law of civilisation that leaders of men must be paid men if they are not born with the proverbial silver spoon; and we regard professional players as the leaders of our national games. And surely no one will urge that, looked at solely from a business point of view, game-playing as a profession is despicable. The man, no matter whether football, cricket, billiard, or golf-player, who comes to the front and stays there through an exercise of his ability, must lead

A LIFE THAT IS IN EVERY RESPECT CLEAN AND WHOLESOME.

Any form of excess tells with disastrous effect upon his performance in the field; his profession is not only that of training his hand and his eye, for he must order his life in every respect on sound business principles in order that his body, as his business asset, may yield the highest returns.

Men of this description cannot fail to afford a most desirable example to the amateur. A wish to emulate his example, to play the game with the same keen spirit and deadly purpose, is a splendid stimulant all over the country. It is in witnessing and discussing the strong men in the field that recruits to the ranks of sport are gained. What youth—cricketer or footballer—has not his hero among the professional players—one who serves as the model on which he strives to base his style; whose strong arms and straight back cause the admiring follower to stiffen his spine, square his shoulders, and determine to keep his body as fit as the man who has solved the problem of true manliness?

From the point of view of the spectator, the "professional element" is, without question, responsible for the degree of interest that is manifested in sport at the present day. The names of professional cricketers and footballers are names which are handled in every home where true English boys and men are to be found. They concentrate interest in matches which would otherwise attract only those personally concerned in the fortunes of the players. In short, they are to the public generally what the village-green hero is to the village-greeners, and we should very much like to know by what means popular enthusiasm for public matches is to be generated if not by the facility which professionalism affords for transporting from place to place players whose records are familiar, and whose tactics can be followed by thousands who would otherwise have no individual knowledge of the teams.

While the professional holds together public interest in games there is no fear of his being displaced by the entirely selfish motives of those who are independent of the services of the paid player.

AGAINST.

When sport was first requested to "wake up," it is not certain that we all knew what slept. We were inclined to accept the call on the strength of certain events on field and river which fell rather flat in the light of international prowess; but where England is really failing is in the general inactivity of its sports and in a lack in the youth of this country of any great desire to drop off the fence and pick up the ball. As a well-known sportsman recently remarked with refreshing honesty, it is better to play a game badly than to see others play it well.

Here we have a great truth in simple language. It is from the curse of the looker-on that we are suffering. The tendency is not to go out into the fields and play the game, but to sit, chin on knee, in serried, cigarette-smoking ranks, and watch others make the runs. The public will make almost any sacrifice in order to be present among the thousands who attend the big matches during the cricket and football seasons; but how many individual men and boys among these thousands would prefer to play the game badly themselves to watching the expert at work?

This is the mischief undermining British sport. The professionals who are supported and fed in order to give an element of brilliance to matches, and swell the gate-money, are gradually removing the desire to play cricket and football for the pure love of the games. The amateur, finding himself outclassed by the professional, gives up taking an active part in sport in disgust, and obtains his excitement by backing the efforts of the paid player on whom his fancy rests. Matches at the present day are not played in the same spirit as in those times when professionalism was practically unknown.

A SHADOW HAS COME OVER THE CRICKET AND FOOTBALL FIELDS;

discontent, jealousy, corruption, and all manner of unworthy manœuvres have sprung up now that cricket clubs and match committees lay well-discussed plans from which the best motives of friendly contests are almost wholly removed. It is absurd to assert that the outlook of sport has not been affected in any detrimental way by the maintenance of mercenary players. Enthusiasm and "keenness" we may get of sorts, for every man who is paid to fight knows that the harder he works the greater are his chances of employment, but we lose true partisanship, which is infectious both to those in the field and those around it. The wider the spread of professionalism, the less easy must we grow for the future of our national games.

Happily, feeling is not dead to this danger, as we have seen in the struggle between the Football Association and the Amateur Football Association. In the latter we have a body of men who, from strong motives of interest in promoting true sport, set themselves determinedly against professional clubs and professionalism generally. It was seen that professionalism was becoming too powerful a factor in the game, and an attempt to resist this power was followed by measures which were certainly not calculated to promote a peaceful aspect of future play. Already the Football Association has adopted no half-measures; it is fighting the amateurs without quarter; endless strife must ensue among clubs all over the country, and it looks, too, as though the amateur party will, in the end, have to make terms, or to limit its field of operations to directions in which the question of professional play is not likely to enter.

Against the professional player personally it would be unfair to urge anything. Like most men, he is free to choose his calling, and if he prefers leather-hunting to boot-selling or any other business, it is because he feels that he is better fitted to succeed in the one vocation than in the other. The life of the professional player of games, too, is a merry one. He may be a hero more than once a week, and he is made much of wherever he goes. No one can accuse him of growing rich on his victories in the field, for cricket or football at their best are not highly lucrative occupations. But if professionalism must exist, if there must be exhibition matches

FOR SPECTACULAR AND MONEY-GETTING REASONS,

let them be entirely dissociated from British field sports, as played by amateurs.

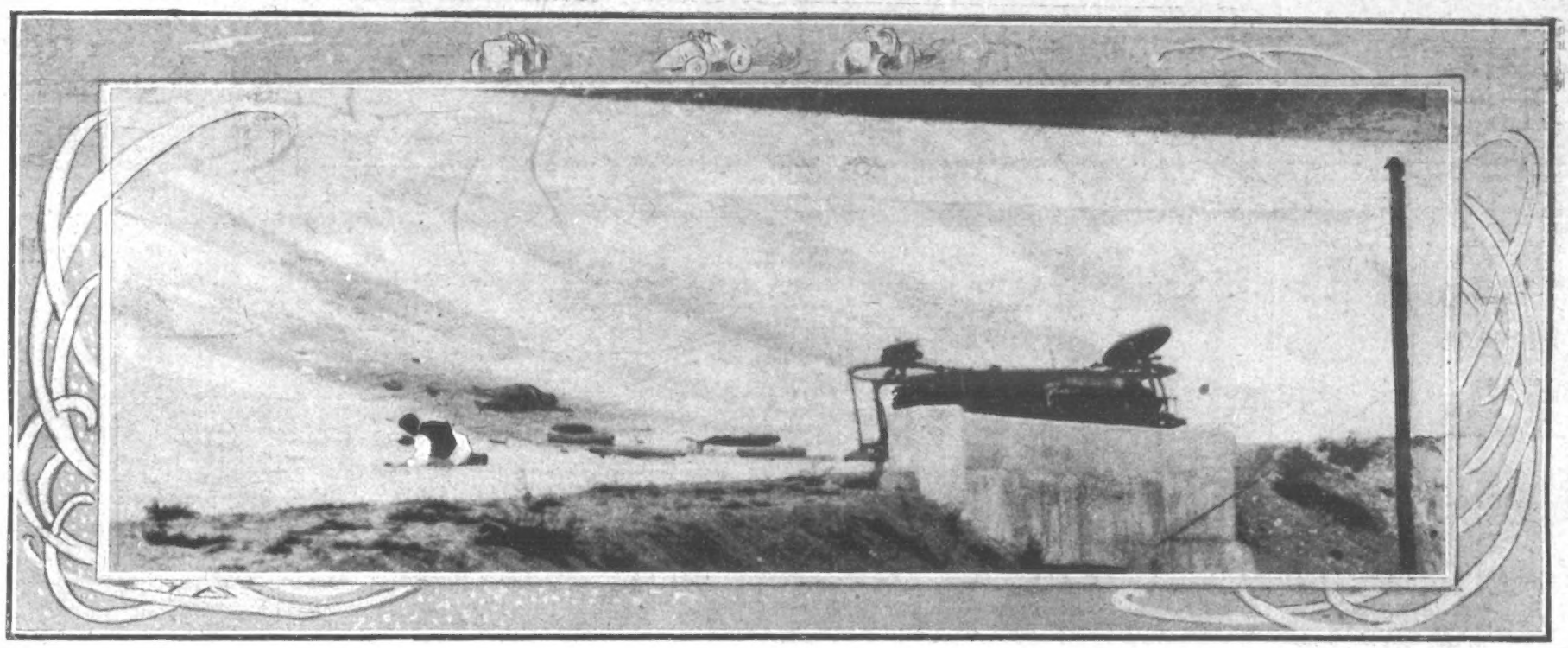
If we are to awaken once more to the true enjoyment of British games it must be in the spirit that what we are able to accomplish as active participants is good enough for us, and that games are made to be played, not looked at.

Photo. Belak.

DETECTIVES WHO GUARD KING EDWARD

At all times the King is carefully guarded, even though his Majesty himself is sometimes unaware of the proximity of his protectors. Our photograph shows a group of officers who are responsible for his Majesty's safety.

THE FATAL MOTOR-RACING ACCIDENT AT BROOKLANDS.



HOW THE ACCIDENT HAPPENED.

The terrible story of the tragedy which happened at the Brooklands motor-car races on Saturday, when Mr. Vincent Herman, aged twenty-five, of Wargrave, Berks, the driver of a 52-h.p. Minerva car, lost his life, was told at the inquest at Weybridge on Monday. "I had passed the post," said Mr. Sydney Smith, the winner of the race in which the accident happened, "when Mr. Herman's car flew by me at a terrific rate. It went up on the edge of the curve, came round, went up the curve again, and turned somersault. I heard a crackling noise like a wheel being smashed, and almost instantly afterwards I saw Herman doubled up on the track. I turned him over and opened his shirt. He was unconscious." Dr. Evans said that death was caused by the shock and described the injuries. The clerk of the course said it was possible that the deceased might have touched the accelerator pedal in mistake for one of the brakes, but witness did not think it probable. He thought Mr. Herman might have mistaken the distance of the race, and imagined there was another circuit. The Coroner expressed the belief that the affair was a pure accident, and that no blame was to be attached to the Brooklands authorities. The photograph given above was taken immediately after the accident, and shows the car and the victims of the accident lying on the track. The jury returned a verdict of Accidental Death.

THE STORY OF THE TERRIBLE CAMDEN TOWN TRAGEDY.

Photo. World's Graphic Press. *Photo. Illustrations Bureau.*

THE INQUEST ON THE VICTIM.

THE inquest on Emily Dimmock, the victim of the Camden Town tragedy, was opened at the St. Pancras Coroner's Court on Monday by Dr. Danford Thomas. It will be remembered that the unfortunate girl was found dead by the man with whom she was living when he returned from his work in the morning. He is a cook on one of the night expresses.

Dr. John Thompson, the police divisional surgeon, said the woman died from loss of blood caused by a very deep wound in the throat. Death was practically instantaneous.

"I think she must have been asleep," he stated, "because she was lying in such a natural position. She was on her left side. One hand was extended on the pillow, and the left knee was drawn up slightly below the right knee. The only thing remarkable was the position of the left hand, which had been dragged and put across the back. Probably the weapon used was a razor, and the attack was made from behind the woman."

"You think it was a wilful murder?" the Coroner asked.

"Yes."

Dr. Thompson added that the murderer, in washing his hands, had taken great care not to touch a clean towel which was on the washstand.

Detective-Inspector Neil stated that the only thing ransacked was a chest of drawers in the front room, which was turned out as though the murderer had been searching for something. Three rings were left untouched. All that was gone consisted of two rings which the woman wore, a watch, and a silver cigarette-case.

"In addition to the jewellery," he said, "the woman's keys of the street-door, the front room, and the folding doors dividing her bed-room from her sitting-room are missing. There was no sign of a struggle."

Bertram Shaw, who had lived with the woman for six months, said he did not know anyone with whom she was particularly friendly.

The landlady of the house, Mrs. Stocks, stated that there was not the slightest disturbance during the night of the tragedy.

"There can be no doubt that it was a most brutal murder," the Coroner declared, "but it is advisable to adjourn the inquiry for a fortnight."

Our pictures show the house where the tragedy was enacted, and a recent portrait of the victim.

THE RAILWAY CRISIS.

EFFECT OF A STRIKE ON THE COUNTRY.

"WILL there be a railway strike?" is the question everyone is asking.

The answer rests with the members of the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants.

Some hundred thousand ballot-papers, on which the men will write the simple words "Yes" or "No," have been sent out this week.

They will be returned by Oct. 28, when they will be scrutinised.

Should two-thirds of the members answer "Yes," notices will be handed in, and, failing arbitration, instructions will be given for the men to cease work about the third week in November.

THE POINTS AT ISSUE.

The crux of the situation is the recognition or non-recognition of the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants by the railway companies.

But there are other subordinate demands which have been advanced by the men.

Here are the claims in detail—

Union to be recognised.

Advance of 2s. to all grades not receiving eight-hours day.

All grades in London to receive 3s. minimum above country wages.

Eight-hours day for all engaged in the movement of vehicles.

All others, except platelayers, ten-hours day.

Pay for overtime to be settled.

The companies, on the other hand, state they are always willing to treat with the men themselves, and settle any grievances they may think they suffer from; but they refuse to acknowledge the right of a union to represent the men or interfere in any way with the control of the railways.

The men, in reply, state that there is no reason why the companies should not treat with the union, and point out that 116 unions are already recognised by employers, and that even the Government recognises the principle.

THE EFFECTS OF A STRIKE.

The ballot-papers will not all be returned before Oct. 28, and then they have to be submitted to a scrutiny, so that the result cannot be known until quite the end of the month or early in November.

Before a vote for a strike can be effective it must represent 75 per cent. of the members of the society. Of the 580,000 men and women employed in railway service, only some 220,000 are eligible for membership.

Of that number close upon 100,000 are members of the society, and the greater proportion of these belong to the higher grades of the service—drivers, guards, firemen, signalmen, shunters, and others.

As over 100,000 of the 220,000 eligible get only from 16s. to 18s. a week, it is a wonder, as Mr. Richard Bell has pointed out, that the membership of the society is as high as it is.

The society has about £400,000 to its credit, and, if necessary, it could, of course, raise a further sum by loan.

According to Mr. Bell's own statement, a strike would involve about 97,000 men, and, taking the average week's strike-pay at 10s. per man, the total would be £48,000, so that the funds accumulated would last for about eight weeks.

At present the general public do not seem to realise what a general strike of railway servants would mean. A general, or partial dislocation of traffic, even for a week, would cause incalculable loss and hardship all over the country.

The direct effect of a strike would be, of course, to injure the companies financially, but the indirect result would be to inconvenience the passengers far more.

The City clerk would find a difficulty in getting up to town from the distant suburbs in the morning, whilst those who live further afield would probably not be able to reach London at all.

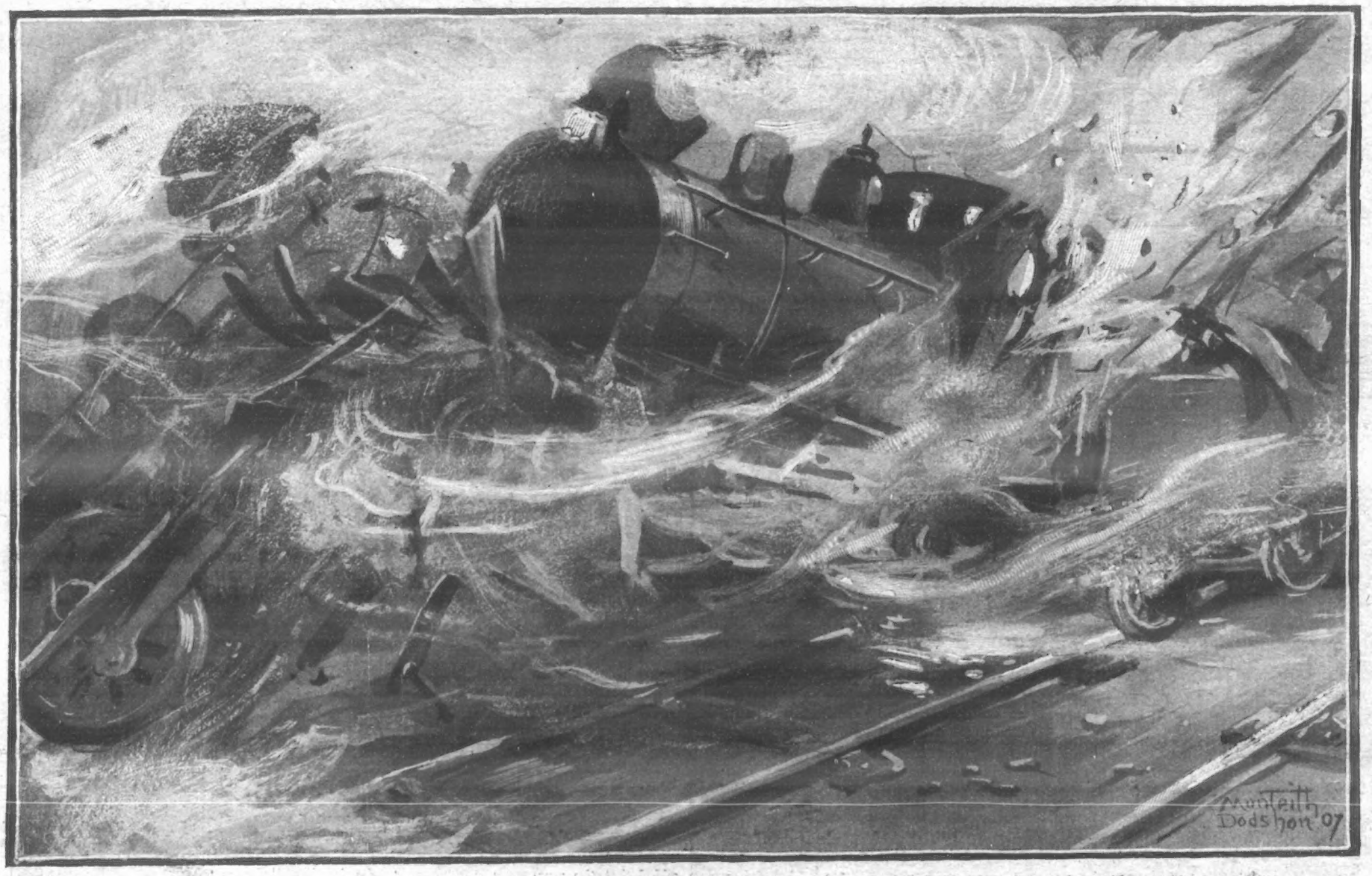
As a result of competition, the companies have been compelled in recent years to attract passengers by offering them holiday journeys at a rate which could not possibly reimburse them but for the large numbers of people who avail themselves of it.

The first practical result of a strike would be the stoppage of all excursion trains, the second would be the curtailment of a great many of the ordinary passenger trains, and the third a decrease in the speed of the long-distance expresses.

THE HEROINE OF CASA BLANCA.

Casa Blanca, the centre of the Moorish uprising, can boast of one white woman defender, in the person of Miss Jennings. Our photograph shows her, revolver in hand, and with a smile which suggests that she would cheerfully tackle the whole of the enemy single-handed.

THE HEAD-ON COLLISION OF TWO AMERICAN TRAINS.



Twenty people were killed and forty injured in a head-on collision between the Quebec-Boston express and a goods train at Canaan (New Hampshire, America) on Sunday. The killed are mostly French-Canadian mill-workers. The passenger train was made up of four cars, full of sleepy excursionists returning from a fair at Sherbrooke, Quebec. When rounding a curve, at 4.20 Sunday morning, the express dashed into the goods train, which was travelling in the opposite direction, both engines being hurled into a ditch. The luggage van telescoped the passenger car next to it, and the latter, in turn, was driven backwards into another passenger car. Nearly all the dead were taken from the first passenger coach, and both in this and the second coach those who escaped death were more or less seriously injured. The fourth carriage, at the end of the train, was a sleeping-car, and none was killed in it owing to its strength, but a number were injured by the shock of the collision.

P.I.P. PLAYGOER

BY THE PROMPTER.

FEW playwrights possess the art of telling a dainty, simple love-story in so pretty, unaffected a manner as Mr. H. V. Esmond, who, in "Under the Greenwood Tree," at the Lyric Theatre, has provided Miss Maxine Elliott with a delightful little farcical comedy which—well—one goes away feeling the better for having seen it. It is so bright, so refreshingly "simple," and Miss Maxine Elliott, as Mary Hamilton, a millionairess who has grown tired of fortune-hunters and so-called friends who fawn upon her for her wealth, and who, in consequence, decides to sample the joys of "the simple life" by "caravaning" the country, is so altogether excellent in the part that one cannot help regretting that she has been away from us for so long. Mr. Eric Maturin, who, by-the-bye, reminds me somewhat of G. P. Huntley, gives a clever character study as Sir Kenneth Friarley; while Miss Jay Jerrold, who plays the part of Peggy Ingledew, we shall surely hear of again. Altogether, "Under the Greenwood Tree" is a decided success, and should fill the Lyric Theatre for many weeks to come.

***

Most of us who know our London well have felt for some time past that there is plenty of room for a really first-class circus, and, therefore, it is good to learn that, early in October, this want will be filled. On Oct. 5, M. Beketow will "open" at Hengler's, in Argyll Street, with his world-famous circus and variety show, which on the Continent has earned the reputation of being "the best ever seen." The other afternoon, by the courtesy of Mr. J. H. Kogan, Mr. Beketow's manager, I was privileged to view the extensive alterations which are now taking place at Hengler's, and when finally this popular place of entertainment is out of the hands of the builders, painters, and decorators it promises to be one of the most comfortable in London. It is early days yet to mention individual "turns," but I may say that we are to see, for the first time, many novelties, while lovers of beauty will be interested to hear that fourteen ladies, seven English and seven from the Continent, all of whom have been selected for their beauty, will act at each performance as "Mistresses of the Ring." One of these visions of beauty, a tall brunette, has been described to me as "the most beautiful woman in Europe." A tall order this, eh?

***

In the new ballet at the Empire Theatre, which has been devised by Mr. Wilhelm and produced by him in collaboration with Mr. Fred Farren, Mlle. Adeline Genée will represent a "star" of the lighter lyric stage, and will be seen in impersonations of various characters from selected operas—the ballet, by the way, will open with a party of revellers departing from a fancy-dress ball at the Covent Garden Opera House, and will be in one scene only.

The other afternoon I happened to encounter Mlle. Genée as she was coming away from rehearsal, and in course of conversation the famous prima ballerina confided to me some of the trials and troubles a ballet-dancer has to endure. "Most people seem to think that when once a dancer has reached anywhere near the top of the tree in her profession," she said, "her days of hard work are over, but never was there a greater mistake, for, to cite my own case, I have to work almost as hard to-day—still I practise several hours daily—as I did when I was merely a beginner. Again, a prima ballerina has a fearful number of 'don'ts' to observe. For instance, she must not ride, she must not cycle, she must not play tennis, skate—in fact, with the exception of dancing, the only exercise she is really allowed is walking." Such self-denial, I suppose, must be put down as still another of the penalties of greatness.

***

"The Gay Gordons," Mr. Seymour Hicks's latest production, which is described on the programmes as "a play with music," has "made good" at the Alwych Theatre; of this there is no manner of doubt. But really it is difficult to account for its success, for the story is as old as the hills—if not older; the music is a trifle thin, and the humour — well — very "Seymourhicksian," which means that the wit thereof is of a decidedly "chestnutty" order. "Have I touched a real lord?" "Yes, but not for much," is a fair sample of what the audience is asked to laugh at. Still, despite the fact that he trots out his old tricks with tiresome reiteration, Mr. Hicks is generally worth seeing on the stage because he always works so hard, while to those interested in scientific research he makes a special appeal, in that it is impossible to watch him act without feeling that he is well on the road to solving the problem of perpetual motion. As author of the play, he has given himself a really wonderful "fat" part, but it seems a pity that he should not have provided such talented artists as Miss Sydney Fairbrother, Miss Rosina Filippi, and, last but not least, Mr. Fred Emney and pretty Miss Zena Dare with a little more to do.

***

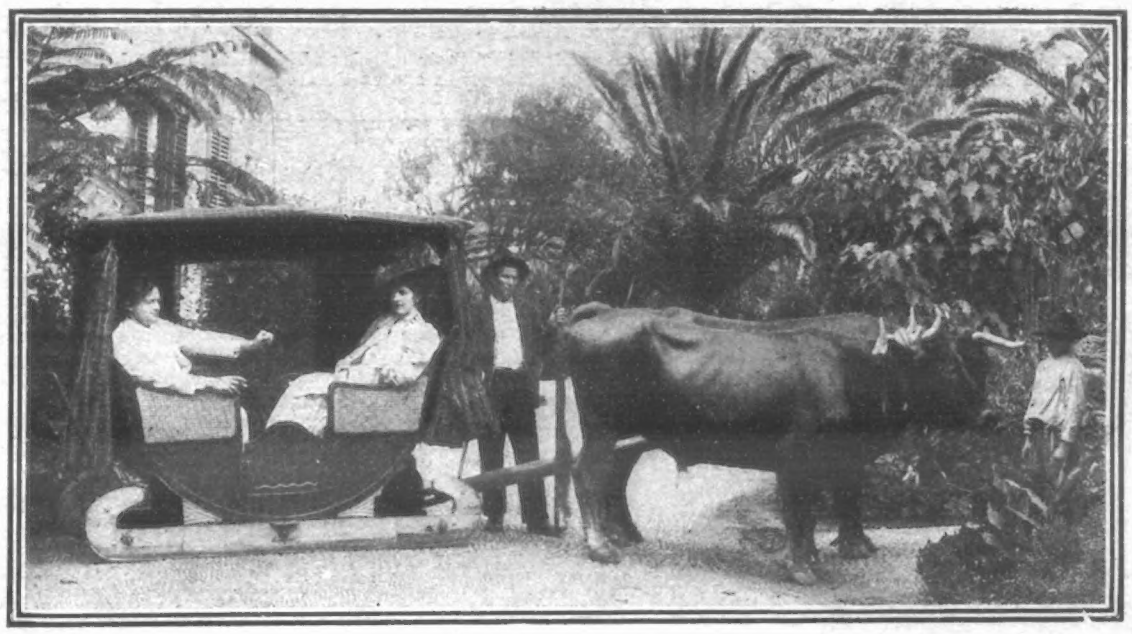
It goes without saying that Miss Ellaline Terriss as the heroine of "The Gay Gordons"—who, by-the-bye, struck me as being somewhat "dull" soldiers—is altogether charming, while she acts, too, with a sincerity and a sweetness which makes one feel that, after all, this old world of ours is a good, a very good, place so long as Miss Terriss is in it to smile on us. The setting is gorgeous in the extreme, and the first act, which represents "a moor in the Highlands on the Twelfth," is delightfully picturesque; while, when a bevy of beautiful ladies in Highland rig make their appearance, one feels inclined to "pack up on the spot" and hie one's self to Bonnie Scotland without further delay. Still, despite these attractions, in many respects "The Gay Gordons" reminds me irresistibly of previous musical comedies Mr. Hicks has written and produced, and it would be refreshing to see him give us something entirely new. Perhaps one day he will.

***

Miss Phyllis Dare and that most humorous of comedians, Mr. Dan Rolyat, are, I hear, to appear in pantomime at Birmingham under Mr. Robert Courtneige's management next Christmas.

***

The latest London actor-manager to start a tour in the provinces is Mr. Arthur Bourchier, who, accompanied by his wife, Miss Violet Vanbrugh, opened at the Theatre Royal, Dublin, on Monday last. THE PROMPTER.



MARK HAMBOURG IN MADEIRA

The above photograph of Mr. and Mrs. Mark Hambourg was taken during their holiday in Madeira, from which they have just returned to London. Mr. Mark Hambourg, who concluded a South African tour about a month ago, sets out for America during the next week or two, and will be touring there till Christmas.

'ATTILA.' AT HIS MAJESTY'S: "THE SCOURGE OF GOD" ON THE STAGE.

Photo. Dover Street Studios.

The Huns raise their swords in a salute to Attila (Mr. Oscar Asche), their King, and Ildico (Miss Lily Brayton), his bride.

Photo. Muggeridge

GLAMORGAN v. ANGLO-WELSH.

This game, played last Saturday, proved fast and good, the forwards of both teams keeping their speed and dash to the end. Glamorgan won by the narrow margin of a single point, the scores being 7 to 6. Our photograph shows Glamorgan with the ball.

THE WORLD OF PASTIME.

FOOTBALL.

IT was stated early in the week that League teams were settling down, but how this can conscientiously be said I quite fail to see, for the more recent matches have provided just as many surprises as did those of the first week of the season. The results of the games up to Tuesday afford ample evidence of this, and the latest is that Manchester United, Bristol City, and Blackburn Rovers have lost their unbeaten certificates. Manchester City and the two Sheffield clubs remain unbeaten, but no club in the League has scored the highest possible points, and yet we have had only a little over two weeks of football.

GLAMORGAN v. ANGLO-WELSH: THE LATTER OBTAIN THE BALL FROM A LINE-OUT.

The Arsenal have, so far, disappointed their supporters. They have yet to win a League match, and their record to date of two losses and a drawn game in the League competition is not encouraging. Against that, they can only oppose a win in a friendly match last Monday, their opponents being Barnsley. They have twice played Notts County, who drew with them at Plumstead and defeated them at Trent Bridge. Bury also beat them at Gigg Lane; but they were rather unlucky in that match, and a different tale may have to be told when the Lancastrians come South.

The other London First League club, Chelsea, have yet to prove themselves worthy of the exalted position they earned by their undoubted skill and perseverance last season. They have given a very good showing on the whole, but they have, according to most critics, not come up to expectations. They were expected to reach the top of the tree in one effort, but it must be remembered that they have not had the best of fortune.

There was the accident to Walton in the game with Sheffield United, when the Chelsea back broke his leg. No wonder the Stamford Bridge club lost that match! However, they were by no means disgraced, as I expressed the opinion last week in these columns, and their performance of only losing by one goal to nil to Newcastle United, on the latter's ground, must surely point to them as a really good side.

The Southern clubs in the Second Division rendered a very good account of themselves. Many people, and amongst them good judges, were of opinion that when the "Cottagers"

'SPURS v. QUEEN'S PARK RANGERS.

An exciting moment in front of the Rangers' goal. The 'Spurs won by the odd goal in five.

PORTSMOUTH v. NORWICH CITY

The Pompey forwards are pushed off the ball. The game ended in a draw of one goal all.

PLAY IN THE RANGERS' HALF. A FEW OF THE GREAT CROWD.

TOTTENHAM HOTSPUR v. QUEEN'S PARK RANGERS.

forsook the Southern League and threw in their lot with the Second Division of the League they were making a mistake. However, judging by their latest match, they appear in little danger of going down, for last Saturday they beat Lincoln City by six goals to one, and they had the patronage of 20,000 people. Among them was Mr. F. J. Wall, the F.A. secretary, and he expressed to me his regret over the recent split.

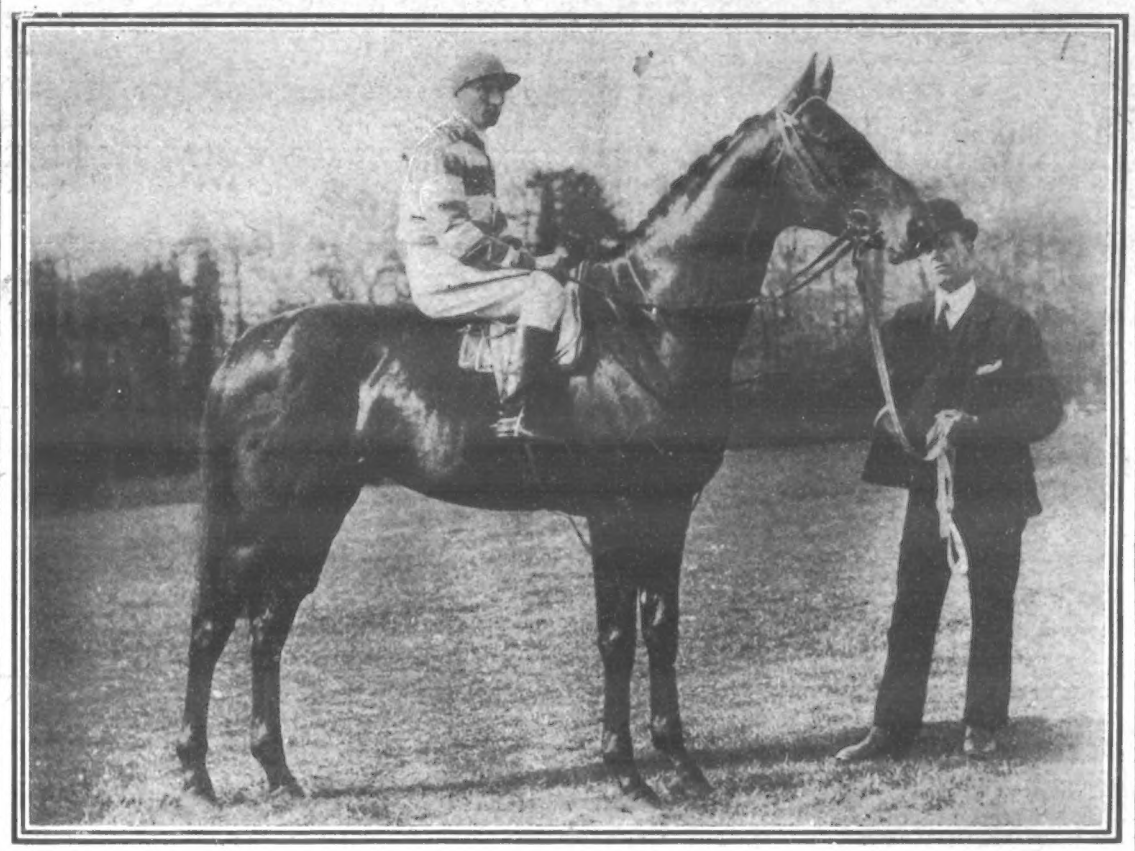
Clapton Orient are also going great guns. Last Saturday they got the better of Stoke, a team that lost their place in the First Division of the League last back-end. The "Potters" have always been renowned for stubborn defence, but it was not in evidence last Saturday, for Clapton Orient scored three times and won by that margin to nil.

In the Southern League the latest recruits, Bradford Park Avenue, have yet to know what defeat means. Last Saturday they beat Watford by three goals to two, and they are evidently a team that has come to stay. New Brompton, playing on their own ground, got the better of Bristol Rovers, a win as welcome as it was unexpected. Tottenham Hotspur and Queen's Park Rangers had a very tough encounter at White Hart Lane, the former winning by the odd goal in five, and Plymouth Argyle scored a victory over the Crystal Palace by four goals to nil. But the Palace lost two men during the game, so that the form is entirely unreliable.

Brentford gave a very good show against Leyton, and beat them by two goals to nil. Curiously enough, it was the exact margin by which the Middlesex county town team were beaten by their eastern rivals earlier in the month. Northampton gave Brighton and Hove Albion a fright on the latter's ground, though, from what I hear, the former deserved to win.

The only match in the Southern League won away from home was that between Southampton and Luton, the visitors scoring two goals without a response. Millwall and Reading played a goalless draw, Portsmouth and Norwich City drew at one goal each, and Swindon drew with West Ham, each side scoring once.

THE MOST POPULAR HORSE IN TRAINING.



Velocity, owned by Mrs. H. V. Jackson, who easily won the Doncaster Cup. He was ridden by H. Jones, and the popularity of the win, despite the fact that the horse did not start favourite, was proved when he was hailed by a perfect storm of cheers as he passed the winning-post.

WATER-POLO.

The international match between Scotland and Ireland was decided on Monday evening at Dunfermline. The Scotsmen had the better of the opening half, at the end of which they led by two goals to nil. This advantage they added to in the second half, McGowan, who had got both the earlier points, again being successful. On the same evening Weston-super-Mare defeated Wigan in the final of the national championship by three goals to two.

BILLIARDS.

Dawson was easily outplayed by Aiken in their match of 9000 up, the crack Scotsman winning by 1624 points. He received 2500 start, but still, he played a fine game, and he will not be treated in such an off-handed manner in future by some of the "swell" professionals. By the way, Dawson is said to be anxious to give Diggle a start, and it would indeed be interesting to see a match between these two great players.

CRICKET.

In watching some of the play in the final match of the year at the Oval last week-end, one could scarcely help wishing that such cricket and such weather had been seen during the last four months. It was a glorious winding-up game, and the fact that four centuries were scored—P. F. Warner getting 116 and 113 (not out) and Tyldesley 114 (not out) for the Rest of England, and John Gunn 105 (not out) for Notts—shows how excellent the batting was. I heard a seasoned follower of cricket express the opinion that Warner is as good a batsman as any of his contemporaries; and, though I cannot quite agree with him, there is no gainsaying that the Middlesex crack is one of the most accomplished of players—both as a run-getter and as a stylist. The game ended in a draw, and Notts—appropriately enough — maintained their unbeaten record.

ATHLETICS AND CYCLING.

Very little time now and we shall have rung down the curtain on the athletic season for the present year, but there will be the cross-country season to interest the athlete, though between now and October there will be very few competitions of a serious nature on the flat, most men preferring to rest before taking on the cross-country work, and very wisely, too, for twelve months of continuous training would make a hash of any man's constitution, especially in the case of youngsters who are not of an age to be properly set.

At the Liverpool Centre meeting of the N.C.U. a new record for the professional quarter-mile (unpaced, standing start) was put up by J. S. Benyon. He covered the distance in 28 2-5 sec., thus beating the then existing time by 1 sec. In the tandem pursuit race, R. Jolly and J. Norman (Liverpool) won from J. Tootle (Skemersdale) and J. Johnson (Wigan). The lap novice cycle handicap was secured by R. Dorman (Southport), and the lap bicycle handicap went to V. L. Johnson (Birmingham).

In the Middlesex and Surrey Walking Clubs' race, T. E. Hammond added to his many fine performances by covering the twenty-three miles in 3 hours 24 min. 14 sec. Hammond is the holder of the London to Brighton and back record, and though his success was expected, it was still highly popular. However, he was on the losing side, as he represented Surrey, and Middlesex won by the lower score of 56½ points to 79½.

GIVEN AWAY.

ABSOLUTELY FREE OF CHARGE.

A Wonderful Book on Money-Making.

Within the last few weeks there has been an overwhelming demand for a remarkable book dealing with a subject of absorbing interest, a subject that interests both young and old, rich and poor alike. This little volume does not ascend into the realms of visions; on the contrary, it tears aside the curtain that so often obscures our understanding of things, and it deals with plain, cold facts. It enlightens the man who is interested and instructs and informs the man who is ignorant. It tells of new fields and pastures green, and points—without fear or favour—to where those fields and pastures lie.

This is not a book for the library shelf. It is a book to be read, and can be read by the young as well as the old. It will serve as a fund of information for the former and a source of inspiration to the latter. For every careful, thrifty man or woman it is one of the books that are essential. One's education is not complete without having read its thrilling and fascinating pages. The subject of money-making by modern methods is fully explained, and, considering the invaluable nature of the information imparted, it is done in such a masterly manner that your interest is at its highest pitch from beginning to end.

Nearly one hundred thousand copies of this publication have already been distributed, and those who have read it through have sent for copies for their friends.

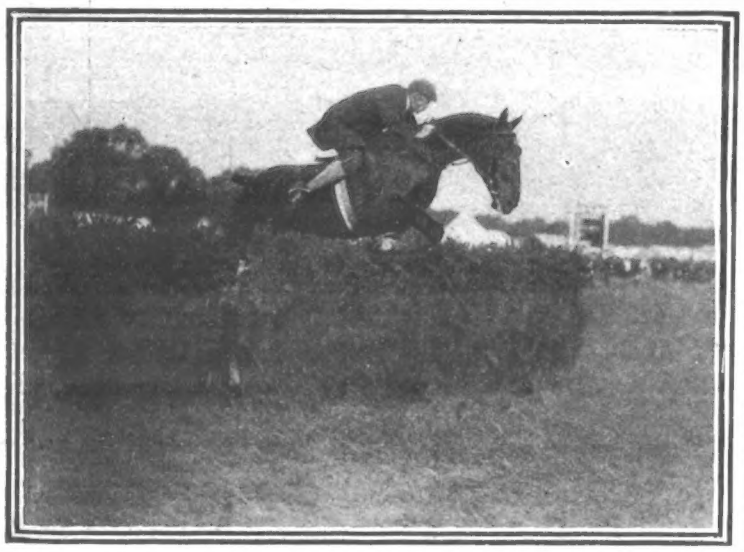
This book, that no one can read without benefit, will, for a limited period only, be sent free to all inquirers.

There is, of course, no telling how soon it may be impossible to procure further copies, and it would therefore be unwise to miss such an opportunity.

Write at once—to-day—and you will receive a copy by return post.

Simply send your full name and address (a postcard will do) to the publishers, Messrs. Arnold and Butler (Room 425 C), 124, Holborn, London, E.C.

The Book will be sent you absolutely free of all cost, and you may keep it without incurring any obligation of any kind.



CARDIFF HORSE SHOW:

Mr. R. V. Grange's Rufus, first in Jumping Competition.

CARDIFF HORSE SHOW:

Lady Bird, a winner, takes a clear jump at the water.

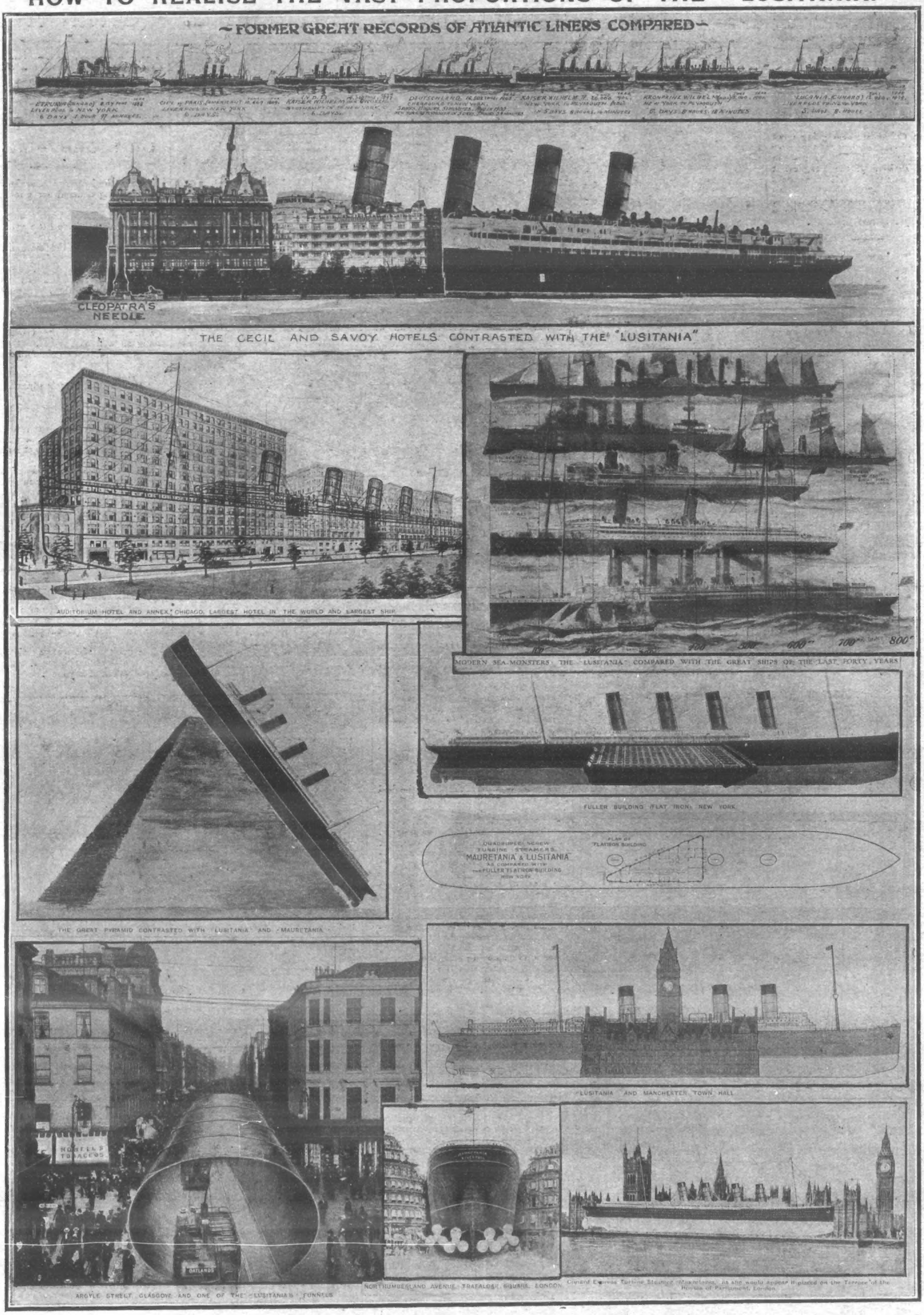
LADIES OF NOTTINGHAM v. VETERANS.

Last week a novel cricket match was played between the above team of ladies and——

LADIES OF NOTTINGHAM v. VETERANS.

——a team of Crimean and Indian veterans. The old warriors played a very good game.

HOW TO REALISE THE VAST PROPORTIONS OF THE "LUSITANIA."

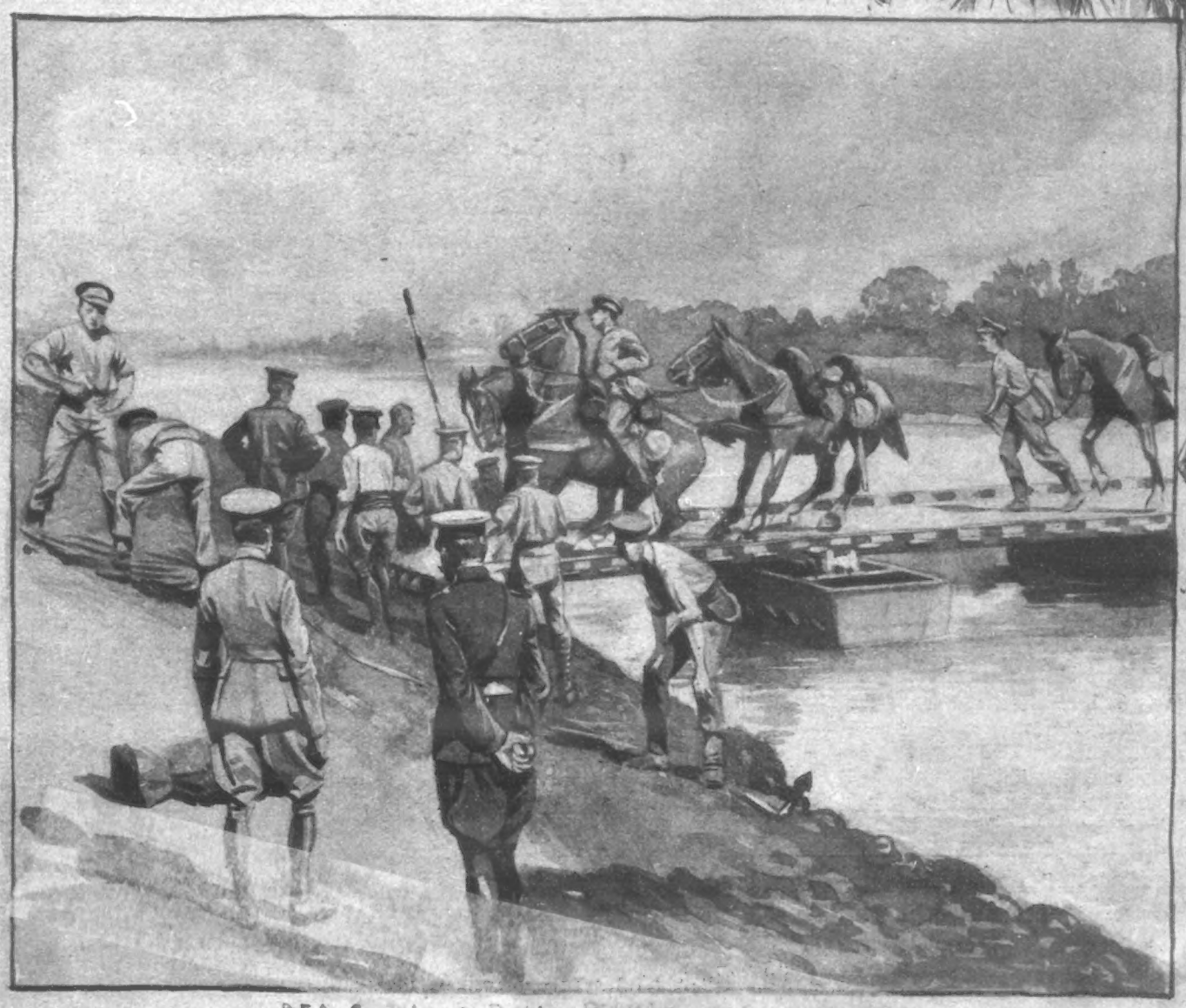


The designs, which are drawn to scale, show the comparative size of the great Cunard liner "Lusitania" (which has broken the land-to-land record from Queenstown to New York and is expected to beat the German vessel's speed record on its return journey) and some of the largest buildings in the world. The vessel measures 790 feet from stem to stern. Her height to the top of the funnels is 155 feet. Many of these reproductions are made by the courtesy of the Cunard Company.

♣ ♣ MIMIC WAR IN BUCKINGHAMSHIRE. ♣ ♣

R.F.A Sergeant's Mess.

A HALT.



R.F.A. Crossing a Pontoon Bridge.

Gen. French with the Naval and French Attaches.

CAVALRY IN PURSUIT OF THE ENEMY.

The mimic war is proceeding, and all that strategy can do is being done to beat back the 15,000 troops who are supposed to have invaded our shores. The defenders, the Red force, are styled a skeleton army, since 15,000 men are represented in the actual fight by a third of the number. The invaders, the Blues, are in full strength. The Blues are supposed to have landed in two divisions, one at Brighton, and the other on the Norfolk coast, and to be attempting to advance inland, driving the defenders before them.

HUMOURS OF THE WEEK.

As Answered.

The proprietor of a hotel, hearing of the whereabouts of a guest who had decamped from his establishment without going through the formality of paying his bill, sent him a note—

"DEAR SIR,—Will you send me amount of your bill, and oblige?"

To which the delinquent replied—

"The amount is £7 15s.—Yours respectfully."—*Penny Magazine.*

Added.

Mr. Gayton: "Has a telegram come for me?"

Mrs. Gayton: "Were you expecting one?"

"Oh, no; of course not." (Sarcastically): "You don't suppose I would ask you that question if I expected one, do you?"

"You might, dear. What would you say, now, if I should say that a telegram has come for you?"

"Ah! I've been expecting it all day." (Impatiently): "Where is it?"

"I'll get it. But, dear, I thought it best to open it. You didn't mind, did you, dearest?"

"Certainly not. It's only a matter of business. From Jack Enslow, isn't it?"

"Yes, dear."

"Important meeting to-night. Says I must be there, doesn't he? Well, I'll have to rush off after dinner. Sorry for you, my dear, but business must be attended to."

"But there was one thing more he said, George."

Mr. Gayton (suspiciously): "Oh, there was. Well, what was it?"

Mrs. Gayton (sweetly): "He says he's got front seats"

Worked Out.

The express was every instant drawing nearer. Meanwhile, the old lady passenger stood haltingly on the platform, wondering whether she would have time to cross over ere it thundered through the station.

In her dilemma she appealed to a learned-looking, elderly gentleman standing by. For a moment the professor seemed to wrestle with an abstruse mathematical problem, and then he spoke.

"Madam," he said, "I find that at its present rate of progression the train will be here in just one and seven-eighths seconds; it will be impossible for a person of your years to cross in less than a moment and three-quarters, so you will be just one-eighth to the good."—*Cassell's Saturday Journal.*

As She is Spoke.

They were tourists from a more or less aristocratic London suburb, and they were "doing Paris" with the celerity and intelligence for which the British tourist is famous. Of course, they went to the Louvre, and by-and-by James caught sight of a somewhat striking picture, and immediately proceeded to express his admiration in the accepted manner.

"What ho! What price this—eh?" he said to his companion in adventure.

An attendant standing by had evidently studied English to some purpose, and, with the courtesy of his race, he stepped forward.

"Pardon, M'sieu," he said. "Zat picture--eet is not by Watteau, and eet is not for sale."

Implied.

A coolness, growing out of the following conversation, has sprung up between Briggs and Dobbs

"I had a splendid time last night," said Briggs. "I spent the evening at a little social gathering at the Goodmans'."

"Are the Goodmans nice people?" queried Dobbs.

"Well, I should say so. To get into their circle one must have either a great deal of money or a great deal of genius."

"You don't tell me so! And you say you were there?

"Yes."

"You were invited, were you?"

"Of course."

"And to be invited a man has to have plenty of money or else a great deal of genius?"

"Precisely."

"Well, Briggs, I am very glad to hear that you have become rich all of a sudden. Lend me a five-pound note, will you?"—*Cassell's Saturday Journal.*

Born to Succeed.

An iron hoop bounced through the area railings of a suburban lady's house recently, and played havoc with the kitchen-window. The lady waited, anger in her heart and a fighting light in her eye, for the appearance of the hoop's owner. Presently he came.

"Please, I've broken your winder, Ma'am," he said, "and 'ere's father to mend it."

And sure enough, he was followed by a stolid-looking gentleman, who at once started work, while the small boy took his hoop and ran off.

"That 'll be two-and-threepence, Ma'am," announced the glazier, when the window was whole once more.

"Two-and-threepence!" gasped the lady. "But your little boy broke it. The little fellow with the hoop, you know. You're his father, aren't you?"

The stolid man shook his head.

"Don't know him from Adam," he said. "He came round to my place, and told me his mother wanted her winder mended. You're his mother, ain't you?"

And the lady shook her head also.—*Pearson's Weekly.*

She Wasn't so Green.

Not long ago a well-known doctor engaged a cook fresh from the country. At the end of her first month's stay she came very near to making a change of abode. On the morning upon which her wages were due, her mistress asked her to go to her master, and he would pay her.

In a few moments she rushed back to her mistress, and told the astonished lady that she wished to leave.

"But whatever is the matter, Mary?" asked her mistress. "What has your master said to annoy you?"

"He hasn't said nuthin'," replied Mary, flourishing a cheque in her mistress's face; "but he's on'y given me this for a month's slavery. But I ain't going to have it. Not me! I ain't no ortygraph-collector, I ain't!"—*Pearson's Weekly.*

More Money.

"I should have been here long before this," said the visitor, as he entered the doctor's consulting-room; "but you know how these things get put off!"

Here he was seized with a fit of coughing.

"A nasty cough," said the doctor critically; "but not, I think, serious."

"I just came round——" resumed the stranger. But the doctor cut him short.

"Say no more," he said. "I understand your case perfectly. Just puff out your chest and say 'ninety-nine' in a deep voice."

"It's all right, doctor," said the visitor. "That cough comes from chewing tobacco—a bad habit, I admit. But what I have to say is 'nine and ninepence.' That's the amount you owe the gas company, and I'm their collector!"

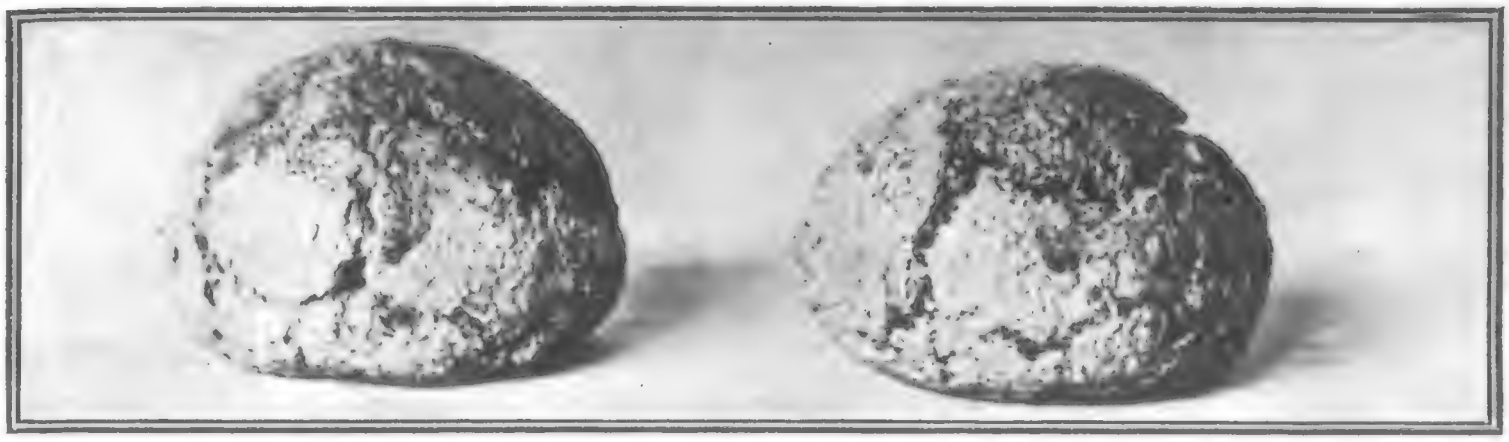
Then the doctor began to hatch vile projects for spreading an epidemic amongst collectors.—*Answers.*

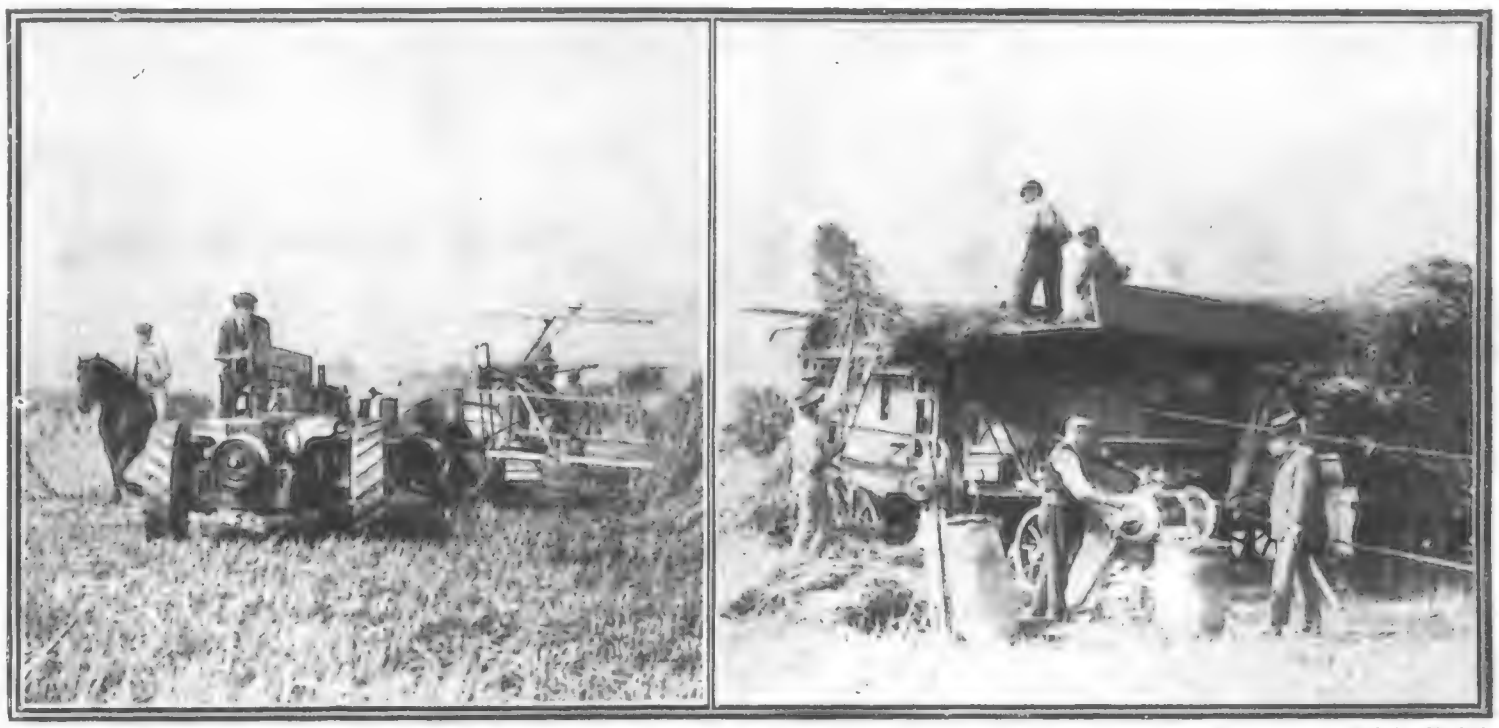
NOTICE.—*In future all Editorial Communications for "P. I. P." must be addressed to 172, Strand, W.C.*

Drawn by G. E. Studdy.

SOMETHING ATTEMPTED, SOMEONE DONE, HAS EARNED A NIGHT'S REPOSE.

FROM SOIL TO SHOP IN FOUR HOURS.





Photos. Topical.

It is often said that British agriculturists are slow, but that taunt cannot hold good again after a demonstration of motor harvesting given at Kirton (Lincs) the other day, when loaves were handed round baked from corn that had been standing in the fields four hours before. An acre of standing corn was marked out in the fields, cut, bound, threshed, and ground by motor implements. At 11.35 the tractor started its work by taking the threshing drum into the cornfield. Five minutes later it began to draw two harvesters. These cut the corn and bound it. Half-a-dozen men stacked it, and in exactly fifteen minutes what had been an acre of growing crop was standing on the field ready to be placed on the cart which the tractor proceeded to draw round the field. By one o'clock the corn was lying at the side of the threshing drum. The tractor then got into position to drive the thresher. As soon as the threshing began the flour began to come out of the mill, which was being worked off a pulley on the threshing drum, and in four hours the loaves were ready. This is surely a record?

Nerve Force Restored By Electricity.

AN INTERESTING STORY FOR ALL HEALTH SEEKERS.

Every organ of the body is governed by the network of nerve wires. These nerves convey the power which runs the organism. This power is called nerve force. Nerve force is nothing but electricity.

When the memory is poor, confidence and nerve all gone, sleep restless, if there are frequent headaches and the eyes are dull and heavy, it shows that the supply of nerve force is depleted.

So many people try to build up nerve force by over-taxing their stomachs with medicine. It is impossible. Drugs are stimulants—not food. Electricity is nerve food—nerve life. It soaks into the nerves, and is taken up by them just as a sponge absorbs water. It nourishes and revitalises the parts which medicine cannot reach.

It is pitiable to see the wage-earner, the man with others dependent upon him, rendered unfit for work by a breaking-down of his nervous system. He has tried to keep up, but Nature will have her way, and unless he replenishes his nerve supply by electricity, he sooner or later must pay the penalty.

Practical knowledge of the curative effects of electricity induced the invention of the "Ajax" Dry-Cell Body Battery, a self-charged electric generator for giving new life and strength to weak, worn-out bodies; for the cure of Rheumatic Pains, Stomach, Kidney, Liver, Bowel and Bladder Troubles; for the alleviation of Paralysis, Epilepsy, Locomotor Ataxy, Chorea (St. Vitus' Dance), and all nervous troubles.

There is a book telling all about it and how it is done. It is free to all who write for it. If you cannot call for a free test, ask The British Electric Institute (Dept. 52), 25, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C., to send the book. It will show you the road to happiness and health.

NOTICE.—*In future, all Editorial Communications for the "P. I. P." must be addressed to 172, Strand, London, W.C.*

The Editor to his Friends.

THE SPEED MANIA.

My dear Readers,—

Just a word in your ear, if you can hear me above the noise of the traffic. Do you ever think about the mania for speed, the rushing on to some goal, real or imaginary, that is fast becoming the very doubtful blessing of this and other countries? Some of you, who are dwellers in great cities, must always have instances of this so-called progress around you, and therefore, as the Spartans were trained to bear pain without flinching, so have you, unconsciously, trained yourselves to bear a state of affairs that would have driven our forefathers mad. But even you who dwell in peaceful villages, envied by city-dwellers like myself, see a good deal of the new era, for there are no parts to which the motor-car (the god of speed) has not penetrated. Far be it from me to say that the motor is not serving a useful purpose. It has opened trade in remote districts, it has given employment to a large number of men, and it would be a good thing, a mark in a century, if it were not for the men possessed of speed mania who make the road their right—the asylum where their mania finds vent.

But let that pass. The motor had to come, and it is here. I am painfully aware of that fact as I write in this office, for huge 'buses continually rattle by, while now and again, more frequently than you might imagine, a machine that has coughed up its sparking-plug, or strained some other part that helps to give life to its petrol-fed being, stops opposite. Then it is that the small boys bearing urgent messages find that life is really worth living.

Then, again, there is the speed mania on Great Britain's greatest highway—the ocean. Year by year, since the very first being of ships, right back to when steam-driven craft were regarded as the mad idea of a twisted brain, one country has been rivalling another in the speed of its ships. This, at first glance, has been a good thing. It has stimulated rivalry, bigger and bigger ships have been built, speeds have been accomplished which only a few years ago would have been laughed at as impossible, and continents have almost been brought within the reach of the week-ender. All this sounds very fine, very progressive, but what is it all leading to? Let that pass for a moment, and ask what it has already done.

It has done this: to-day no one seems to rest, no one lives the quiet life that can really be called living. All are pushing on, or being pushed, to some goal that they have made their mark. It may be a humble ambition, or the castle in the air may be a mansion in Park Lane; but whichever it is we try to rush our journey to it. Many fall before they can succeed, and even if they do reach their goal—what do they gain? Just a few years of self-glory, a short time during which they may look back upon their achievements, meritorious or otherwise, and then—the last goal of all.

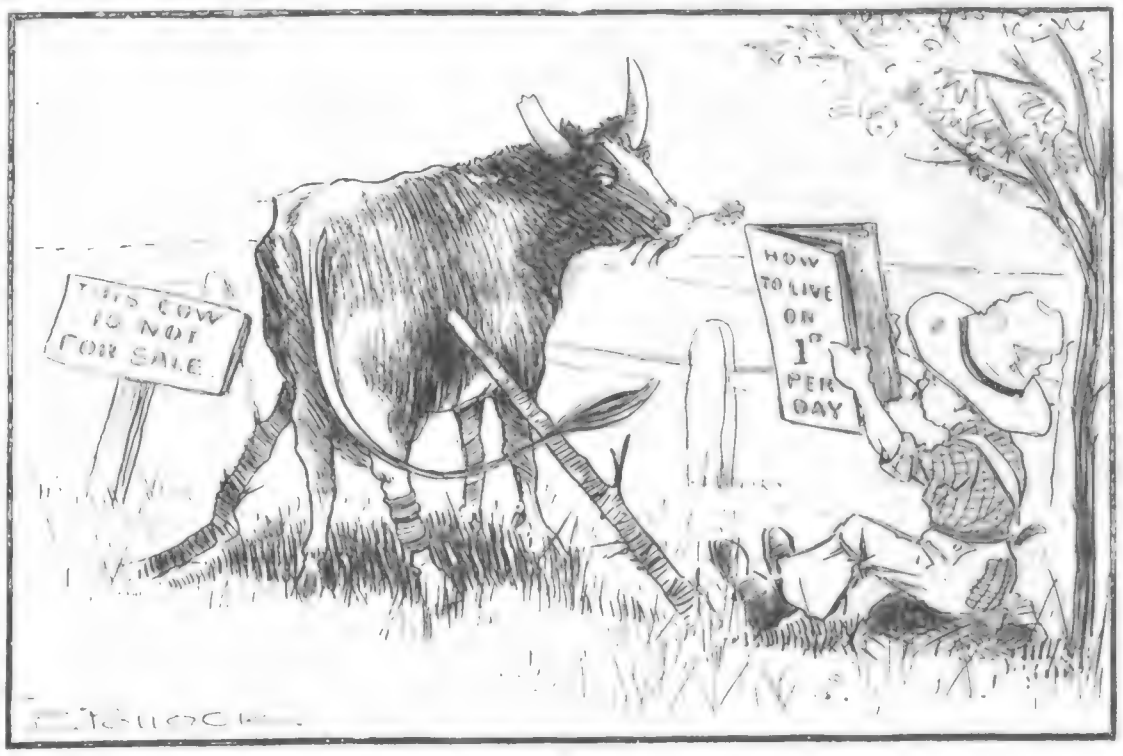
Besides, what is the basis, the root from which all this springs? Envy! You may think that I am wrong, and if I am I am sorry. I can only speak of what I have seen, of what I know of life. Your experiences may have been different, if so I take off my hat to you, call you lucky, and apologise. I tell you that in nine-hundred-and-ninety-nine cases out of a thousand man would be content to live in a paradise of three acres and a cow if it were not that his neighbour had six acres and two cows. He doesn't really want the extra cow and acres, possibly he would not know what to do with them when he had got them, but envy would have sprung up in his heart, and his one ambition in life would be to be the possessor of three cows and nine acres. Why not sit under a tree in your three-acre lot, watch the solitary cow contemplatively munching the daisies, and—be happy?

Please don't speak all at once. I know that many of you will say that such a course would be lazy, unambitious. Yet I tell you, without the slightest hesitation, that it would be *living*—just that. I suppose that all of you will acknowledge that we live well so that we may die well. If that is the case, just think of one thing: how many men who occupy high positions have climbed to them without making a ladder, often unintentionally, of those who have not succeeded in their climb? Can you honestly say that a man has not led a better life who has been contented with smaller things, with lesser achievements? He has done no harm, and it is seldom that it can be said that he has done no good.

One of these days, my friends, sooner or later, according to your years, you will wake to the knowledge that your rush is very nearly over. Perhaps you will begin to think of things that you have done, but you will think even more of things that you have not done, and it will be these last things, you will realise too late, that would have been very sweet to you. All your life you will have been rushing on, to win or lose, according to your fate, but each of you, success or failure though you may be, will think of the ought-to-have-beens rather than the have-beens.

The man who rushes down a country road on a motor-car does not see the flowers, and a man who rushes through life—does not see the flowers of life.

YOUR EDITOR.



MAN WOULD BE CONTENT TO LIVE IN A PARADISE OF THREE ACRES AND A COW IF IT WERE NOT THAT HIS NEIGHBOUR HAD SIX ACRES AND TWO COWS.

Our Splendid Serial. ***Sensation and Mystery.***

THE MYSTERY OF A MOTOR-CAB.

By FERGUS HUME,

Author of "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab," "The Black Patch," "Jonah's Luck," "The Yellow Hunchback," &c., &c., &c.

CHAPTER XVIII. *(Continued).*

ANOTHER COMPLICATION.

"Now then, Lady Cobbin, or Milady, or whatever you like to call yourself. I speak in my own defence. Listen. I speak the truth, the whole truth, and can add an oath if you chose."

"I am willing to take your word," she replied. "Go on, please."

Mendle knelt on the seat of the chair and addressed himself to both women, speaking as though he were in a pulpit. "I love Belinda," he said defiantly. "Even had she not one penny, I should love her. If Harriet loved me, that is her fault. I could not return her passion in any way. I am as nature made me—the lover of Belinda. I hated Darton because he dared to raise his eyes to her. Belinda defied me, and, as her guardian, I ordered Darton out of the house. Harriet betrayed the trust I had in her, and connived at secret meetings between Belinda and Darton at the Piccadilly Theatre. I learned of them through Sir Samuel Embers, who, also wishing to marry Belinda, was jealous of Darton. I spoke to Belinda; she denied the truth, so I made up my mind to prove her treachery."

"Not treachery," murmured Lady Cobbin.

"Yes. I say treachery. I loved her, and she was ready to meet secretly a man I detested. More, she did meet him. On that night I came, also secretly, from Cade Lane, intending to face both when they came out of the theatre, and——"

"One moment," said Lady Cobbin. "You say secretly. Yet Robert Parley must have know of your absence."

"He did. But Robert Parley told me that Arthur had married his daughter. I had power to stop Arthur's allowance. Parley said that he would be silent about my absence if I continued the allowance. I agreed to do that, as I did not wish my absence to be known.

"Why?" asked Lady Cobbin bluntly.

"You shall hear later. But when I came to the theatre about ten o'clock or a little after, I saw Embers' cab, and—as I thought, Embers on the seat. I went to speak to him, and found that Arthur was driving. He said that he was waiting for Darton, who was in the theatre."

"Wait! wait!" cried Lady Cobbin. "Arthur had an appointment with Dr. Darton at the top of Shore Lane at half-past eleven. How then——"

"I know that now. I did not know that then. Arthur told me that he hoped to drive Darton to the city. He did not say what for, and I had no opportunity of learning, for at that moment we saw Harriet come out and speak to Mrs. O'Toole, who indicated the cab. I told Arthur to say nothing and slipped into the cab to hide unde the seat——"

"Could you do that?"

"I managed to suppress myself in a way at all events," said Mendle quickly. Harriet entered the cab, and I told her to be silent. She had wanted to see me, and was coming to the City. I told her that Arthur could drive to the City office and see Darton later."

"Then you knew that the chauffeur was Arthur," said Lady Cobbin, glancing at Harriet.

"Yes," she said sullenly; "but I denied the truth, because of Lewis. He drove with me to the City and——"

"Wait! wait!" cried Mendle, gesticulating. "So far my story corresponds to Harriet's. Is it not so?"

"Yes," replied the inquiry agent.

"Well and good. At the top of Shore Lane, the cab broke down and Harriet stepped out. I remained inside——"

"Did you see Sir Samuel?"

"Oh!" Mendle looked at Harriet. "You told her that, did you? Yes. I saw Embers under the lamp-post. He had too much to drink. Harriet held her peace about me, and then went away home. I waited where I was, while Arthur examined the gears. Embers talked about some papers that would disgrace Darton if published, and wanted them back. Arthur, in spite of knowing that I was within earshot, declared that he intended to meet Darton at that very spot in half an hour, more or less, and sell them to him. Then he was coming on to fetch me. I heard so much, then, anxious to prevent my being seen by Embers, since he was drunk and would make trouble, I slipped out on the off-side while they were in earnest conversation, and got away in the snow and the darkness to my office. I did not then tell Parley to deny that I had been out, for there was no reason. But when the policeman knocked me up, and I found that Arthur was dead, I then saw in what a dangerous position I was placed, and warned Parley in a word. For the sake of his daughter's getting an allowance as Arthur's widow he held his tongue and bamboozled the police."

"But Parley knew that with the death of Arthur you lost the money?"

"Quite so; but I had saved some thousands, and Parley knew that I could pay Ellen Gerson's allowance out of what I had saved. And now"—he got down from his chair—"you can understand Lady Cobbin, why I was so terrified and unnerved on that night. I knew that my actions, if known, would lend colour to the suspicion that I had killed Arthur, and so I dreaded lest they should be discovered. No wonder I was afraid; no wonder I fainted; a nervous man, such as I am. But things went as I wished, and everything was kept quiet, until Harriet here, out of revenge, chose to tell you the truth. Well, then"—he flung out his arms—"you know the truth now. Make what use of it you like. Go to the police—go to Inspector Hake, and tell what I have said."

"You are afraid," said Lady Cobbin tersely.

"Yes, I am afraid," he declared defiantly. "I know how easy it is for a nervous man to be incriminated when examined. I may make no end of mistakes: the very fact that I suppressed what I have told you makes it look bad for me. I will be suspected. I know that. On the same evidence, I should suspect anyone else."

"Even Dr. Darton?"

"He is the guilty person," said Mendle decisively, "or Sir Samuel Embers—I don't know which; but one of them is guilty. I left Sir Samuel with Arthur wanting the papers and too drunk to argue for their possession without temper. Darton was to meet Arthur on the same spot in half an hour, and he may have lost his temper. I know nothing more."

"But the murder was committed at eleven, and Darton did not——"

"Meet Arthur until half-past."

"He did not meet him at all."

"Then Sir Samuel must be guilty. Oh, how I wish I could learn the truth," cried Mendle, waving his arms. "I am beside myself with nervous fear."

"Be a man," said Harriet scornfully.

"I never was a man," cried the lawyer pitifully. "I am a mass of nerves—a miserable creature who should never have been born. My life was hard, but you with jealousy have made it harder. But now I shall not drop the investigation: for my own sake, I shall not. Lady Cobbin, how can we learn the truth?"

"There is only one way of learning it. "Paddy O'Toole must——"

"Paddy O'Toole." Mendle burst into scornful laughter. "He has gone. He has left the hospital and vanished."

Finally, when they descended a flight of slimy steps, which led to the wretched home of the woman, they found a trembling boy crouched at the foot.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE MISSING BOY.

LADY COBBIN wrinkled her brows as Mendle made this startling statement, for that it was, seeing how much depended upon the evidence of the boy. Harriet, indifferent to everything since she had lost the lawyer, and had definitely surrendered him, left the room with the muttered excuse that she intended to lie down for recuperation before going to the theatre. The inquiry agent and the solicitor were thus left alone. Mendle was still excited, but Lady Cobbin remained calm, determined to get to the bottom of the mystery, not only for Darton's sake, but also because it piqued her. The further she searched into his case, the more complex it grew, and therefore, out of official pride, she was the more resolved to learn the truth.

"How do you know that Paddy has left the hospital?" she inquired.

"I went there to-day," he answered, throwing himself into a chair with an air of lassitude. "Oh, how I suffer. Nerves! Nerves! I feel as though I had been beaten black and blue."

"Don't go before you tell me how Paddy left the hospital," she urged impatiently. "I should have thought that the police would have prevented his going until he spoke."

"The doctors declared that he would not speak," answered Mendle, crouching over the fire. "He refused to reply to every question, and would not even answer to his own name."

"Humph!" Lady Cobbin thought for a moment. "Mrs. O'Toole hinted that the boy was acting a part."

"Oh, absurd!" cried Mendle, starting to his feet and beginning to walk up and down the room, "a boy like that could not deceive trained doctors."

"I am not so sure of that, Mr. Mendle. A London street-arab is usually very sharp, and Paddy was one of the cleverest of the lot."

"But his reason?"

"Ah, we must learn that. I shall ask old Peggy."

"You won't find her," said Mendle, stopping and looking at Lady Cobbin with a haggard expression. "I learned that she had been to the hospital and had taken Paddy away. Knowing from Embers where she lived, I went to the Adelphi cellar and discovered that both Mrs. O'Toole and her son had vanished. After they left the hospital they never came home."

"That looks as though it was to someone's interest that the boy should be smuggled out of the way," said Lady Cobbin, bending her formidable brows. "Evidently the boy acted a part. Who could have got him to do that?"

"Who?" said Mendle, with a sarcastic laugh. "Why, you don't know the A B C of your profession, Milady. The assassin of Arthur got him out of the way, and told him to hold his tongue."

"But who is the assassin? I am sure Dr. Darton——"

"Oh, Darton, Darton!" interrupted the lawyer impatiently. "You seem to be crazy about him. I believe that either he or Embers is guilty."

"Dr. Darton is innocent," declared Lady Cobbin firmly. "He never met Arthur on that night. Remember that the crime took place at eleven, or a few minutes later, and Darton's appointment was not until the half-hour."

"He may have come earlier," said Mendle gloomily.

"He did not. I learned from him that he went straight from the theatre to visit a patient in Charing Cross Road—a tradesman. I went there to-day, and found that Dr. Darton really did call, as he had stated to me. He left, according to the patient's wife, at eleven, which would just give him half an hour to get to Shore Lane. Now, this being so, he cannot be guilty."

"No," admitted Mendle reluctantly, "it looks like innocence. Then he did not go to the meeting-place after all?"

"Yes, he did—at half-past eleven, the appointed time. But Arthur was not there, nor was the cab. Dr. Darton walked up and down the lane, and then came home about midnight. He learned of the murder next morning. I am sure he is innocent."

"Well," said the solicitor, with a shrug, "I have no desire to find him guilty if he really is innocent. All I wanted was to break the engagement with Belinda. As she has done that and has bound herself to me, Darton can go free, for all I care."

Lady Cobbin nodded absently. "There is one thing amongst others which puzzles me greatly," she said: "Why should Arthur have waited near the theatre for Dr. Darton when he had appointed the late meeting at the top of Shore Lane?"

"I can't explain, no more than I can understand why, instead of waiting, he drove off with Harriet."

"And with you," said Lady Cobbin quickly.

"Oh!" Mendle shrugged his shoulders. "I had nothing to do with the matter. Whatever Arthur intended to do on that night had connection with Embers or Darton. He never gave a thought to me."

"But why," asked the inquiry-agent shrewdly, "why should he have borrowed Sir Samuel's cab with the intention of calling at your office?"

"Pardon me," said Mendle, frowning, "we do not know if he had intended to so call. He apparently did not, since he made an excuse to get rid of Harriet. Where he intended to go after that I can't say."

"I believe," said Lady Cobbin, after a moment's thought, "that he arranged to remain at the top of Shore Lane until Dr. Darton arrived, and then he intended to bargain for the papers. You left him there, did you not?"

"Yes, but I can't say whether the cab really broke down."

"You should know: you have driven a motor."

Mendle shrugged his shoulders again. "Sir Samuel gave me a few lessons, as he wanted me to buy a car and hoped to get the commission on the sale. He suggested that I could drive myself to and from the office. But a nervous man like me? Pooh! It was ridiculous. I really learned very little from Sir Samuel, and certainly not sufficient to say if the cab really went wrong when it stopped. But the point is this," added Mendle, beginning again to walk. "If Darton is innocent—and I confess that, from what you say, it looks as though he were—Embers, whom I left with Arthur quarrelling over the papers, must be guilty."

"Why should you say that?" asked Lady Cobbin sharply.

"Why?" Mendle turned on her, surprised. "Can't you see? Sir Samuel wanted to marry Belinda for the money, and determined to get the papers so as to stop the marriage with Darton. By killing Arthur, he not only got the papers, but placed Belinda in possession of the fortune which he wanted. Then, again," added Mendle, warming to his theme, "Sir Samuel is a much stronger man than poor Arthur ever was, and could easily have strangled Arthur and lifted him into the seat, and then, being an expert motorist, have manipulated the steering-wheel from the inside of the cab."

"In what way?"

"Very easily, I think. He could kneel on the inside cushion, and by stretching his arms under those of the corpse, could have driven the cab to Cade Lane so as to implicate me if suspicion was directed towards him. He then could slip out of the cab and get away in the direction of Cheapside. I would rather Darton were accused than Embers, as I fear lest Belinda should break our engagement; but as matters stand I must admit that the onus lies on Sir Samuel."

"Humph!" said Lady Cobbin again. "By the way, did you not say that Sir Samuel was to look after Paddy?"

"Yes. He told me so on the day I first came to see you about this case. I see what you mean. You think——"

"That Sir Samuel got Paddy out of the way, because he knows the truth about the crime," ended Lady Cobbin, rising. "Yes, I think that. However, I'll interview Sir Samuel and see what I can learn."

"Were I you," said Mendle thoughtfully, "I should take up another and much neglected clue."

"What is that?"

"The scarf with which Arthur was strangled."

"Well!" Lady Cobbin walked to the window. "I presume that the scarf belonged to Arthur, and that he put it on because the night was cold."

"You ought to make certain that the scarf belonged to him."

Lady Cobbin wheeled, and her face looked derisive. "Are you going to say that he did not wear the scarf? Why, Mr. Mendle, if that were the case, he could not have been strangled. The assassin evidently noted that the scarf of tough silk was doubled twice round his throat, and so could be used as a bow-string. Arthur was weak in physique I grant you, but he certainly would not have waited until his murderer adjusted the bowstring round his neck. He would have made an outcry, and there were policemen about, remember. However, it will be just as well to be certain that the scarf did belong to the unfortunate young man. He lived here, did he not?"

"Yes. But lately he lived with his wife at her father's."

"Do you know the address?" Out came Lady Cobbin's notebook.

Mendle nodded. "Parley had rooms in the Marylebone Road. I suppose he had them there, so that Ellen—whom he adores—might be near the Edgware Road shop wherein she was employed. No. 43x, Marylebone Road," finished Mr. Mendle neatly.

"Humph," said Lady Cobbin, noting this down. "Parley did not like his son-in-law?"

"No. He told Hake so, and expressed himself very bitterly." Mendle stopped and looked at the inquiry agent. "You don't mean to say that you suspect Parley of——"

"No! No! All the same, I shall call on Mrs. Gerson and learn if her husband wore the scarf on that night."

"Belinda will know," said Mendle, touching the button of the bell; "she was one of the last persons to see Arthur. Tell Miss Gerson that she is wanted," he said, when the maid entered.

"But she is lying down, Sir!"

"She will not be detained a minute. Ask her to oblige me and come down. I should have said oblige *you*," added Mendle, when the door closed. "Belinda is not so fond of me as to be obedient."

"She has no very great love for me either," said Lady Cobbin drily. "Well, I shall see young Mrs. Gerson, and then Sir Samuel Embers."

"Embers will say nothing if guilty."

"He may say a great deal if innocent," rejoined Lady Cobbin. "Things look black against him, I admit. But then they looked black against Dr. Darton, and *he* is innocent."

"If the police knew all that I have said to you and Harriet," said the lawyer, "they would consider that things looked black against me."

Lady Cobbin nodded. "A most mysterious case," she said sympathetically. "However, we'll get at the truth in some way."

"I hope so," answered Mendle, with a nervous gesture, "I assure you I turn cold when I think of my position. All that I wished to be kept secret has come out through the jealousy of Harriet."

"You have not treated her well, and——"

Belinda entered, looking wan and red-eyed, before she could complete the sentence. "What is it?" asked Miss Gerson, casting no friendly glance at the pair.

"Lady Cobbin wishes to know if Arthur wore a tricoloured scarf on the night he was murdered."

"The scarf which Harriet gave him?" asked Belinda.

"Was it Miss Lane's gift?" questioned Lady Cobbin.

"Yes. Harriet wore it in a gipsy play, and Arthur took a fancy to it, since he was always fond of gaudy colours. Harriet made him a present of it some weeks ago."

"Did he wear it when he drove with you to the theatre?"

Belinda reflected. "No," she said at length. "I cannot remember if he did. He had on a tweed suit and an ordinary overcoat, so there was no need for him to wear a scarf. I don't think he wore it."

"You are not sure," persisted Lady Cobbin.

"No," said Miss Gerson coldly, "I am not sure. Is that all you wish me to say?"

"That is all, thank you."

Belinda left the room again without a glance at Mendle. He winced at her open contempt, and turned to Lady Cobbin. "Well?"

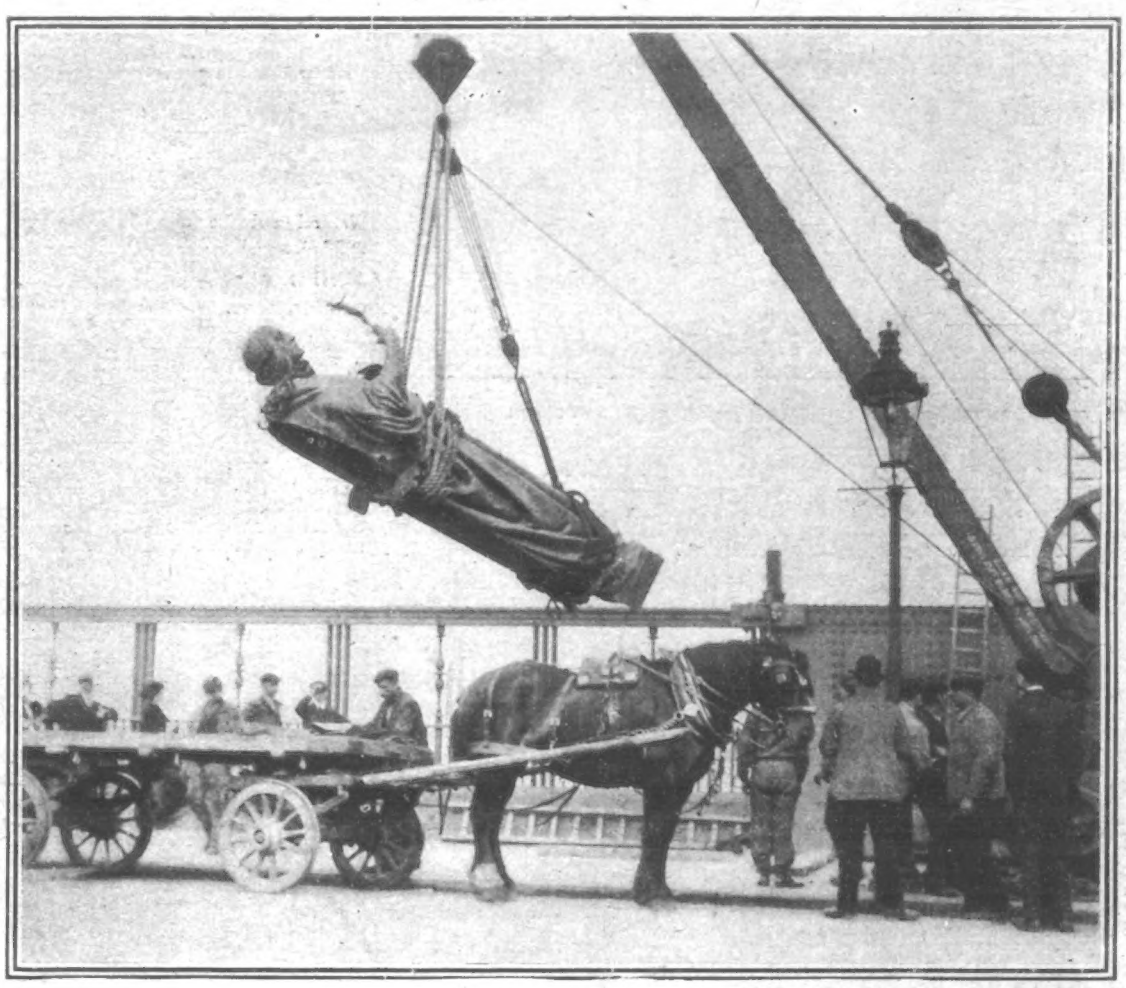
"I shall question Mrs. Gerson," said she, buttoning her coat. "And you?"

Mendle reflected. "I shall see what has become of Mrs. O'Toole and Paddy. The boy must be found, so that this mystery can be cleared up."

So the division of labour was made in this way, and the two left Clement Street. Lady Cobbin warned Mendle not to seek an interview with Sir Samuel, lest that young gentleman should be placed on his guard. The inquiry agent desired to take him by surprise. On second thoughts, and because she was anxious to continue the portentous conversation, Lady Cobbin drove with Mendle to the Strand and assisted him in his search for Mrs. O'Toole. She, as well as the lawyer, knew where the Irishwoman's abode was to be found.

After leaving the Strand, the two plunged into a network of alleys, more or less dirty and desolate. The rain was falling fast and it was extremely cold. They came upon several shivering urchins, dressed in rags and looking almost frozen to death, but not one of them belonged to the gang employed by Mrs. O'Toole. Finally, when they descended a flight of slimy steps, which led to the wretched home of the woman, they found a trembling boy crouched at the foot, trying to get warm on the cold stones. The promise of a shilling soon opened his mouth, and he explained that Mrs. O'Toole had gone on the previous day to the City Hospital to get Paddy, and had not returned since. Her boys had presented themselves as usual at the Piccadilly Theatre, only to find that their employer was conspicuous by her absence. The boy could not tell where Mrs. O'Toole had gone or if she had intended to come back.

(To be continued.)



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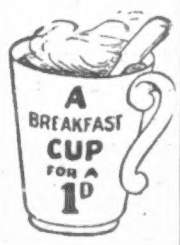

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THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

Conducted by ELLICE BEERE.

The Art of House-Keeping.

In housekeeping, as in most other walks of life, method is everything. Muddle, disorder, and discomfort may be avoided even by the inexperienced housewife if she grasps this first principle, and with clear and well-balanced brain, tries to learn her duties. The breakfast order should of course be arranged for and given the night before, and the next morning, as soon after breakfast as possible, the mistress should visit the pantry and give her orders to the cook for the day. A daily inspection of the larder is invaluable for many reasons, besides the primary one of noting what provisions there are in hand for the forthcoming meals.

To Stock the Pantry.

Servants are often careless in the way they put away food, and the eye of the mistress will note the desirability of clean dishes for the various viands, and, where necessary, will point out a better arrangement of the pantry shelves. The orders for stores should always be given before the articles required are quite used up, for nothing is more annoying than when a certain recipe is desired to find the ingredients to make it with are lacking; and to send out to the shops on the spur of the moment disorganises the household, besides not being convenient. To obviate this it is a good plan for the mistress to have her own separate store cupboard, from which she gives out the stores into the general larder weekly, and which she replenishes weekly. A very few weeks' observation will enable her to gauge the right quantities of sugar, tea, coffee, jam, rice, and other groceries to be ordered in at the beginning or end of the week, or whatever day she selects for chief marketing day. By adopting this plan the busy housewife may save herself the trouble of making a daily round of the shops to give some trifling order, although it is an understood thing that it is far better for her to visit the shops and give the orders herself, especially for fish, meat, greengrocery, etc., than to give the orders to the tradesmen at the door. An important hint to note is that tradesmen's books should always be made up weekly, even if monthly settlements are the rule, as any omission or error can more easily be rectified after the lapse of only a few days rather than at the ends of weeks. There is no reason why the housekeeper's day, if mapped out systematically, in spite of her manifold duties of arranging the menu, planning out the servants' work, etc., should not afford her ample leisure to carry out her favourite pursuits, see her friends, and do her shopping.

Above we reproduce a facsimile of the enamelled tin box containing chocolate which to-morrow (Saturday) the Cardiff Chamber of Commerce is presenting to 40,000 schoolchildren of that city, in order to commemorate the recent visit of their Majesties and H.R.H. Princess Victoria, who have graciously accepted specimen-boxes. The execution of this order was entrusted to Messrs. J. S. Fry and Sons, Limited, of Bristol and London, makers to H.M. the King. This firm designed the special box which was given by her late Majesty Queen Victoria to the troops in South Africa.

To Utilise Cold Mutton.

A nice way of using up cold mutton is as follows: Cut up the meat in small pieces, take about ½ lb. of Naples macaroni, and break into short lengths. Place in a stewpan, together with the mutton and a little water. Add a spoonful each of vinegar and a sauce of some kind, a little pepper and salt. Simmer until the macaroni swells, then turn on to a dish and serve. Scraps of cold chicken may be utilised to provide appetising sandwiches for "At Homes" or afternoon teas. Mince the chicken finely, together with a little tongue, and add some mayonnaise. Cut some square pieces of bread, spread with butter and the chicken mixture. Serve on a dainty doyley and garnish with parsley

Millinery of the Moment.

Natural and Leghorn hats are very popular just now. A pretty idea is to have a band of lace inserted in the brim. An exquisite model in this style was trimmed with handsome plumes shading from pale pink to softest rose. They were held in place by a large silver buckle in the centre of the front, and the brim was further bound with rose velvet. This binding of the brim is seen on many of the most exclusive hats, and looks exceedingly well. It has also the advantage of rendering otherwise flimsy millinery very durable in the wear. Feathers and plumes at the moment are a much favoured trimming, so those of my readers who have any long ostrich-feathers stored away because they have not been much in request lately, should hunt up their treasures and have them cleaned and curled or dyed as necessary. Some of the most beautiful worn just now are the natural plumes in softest brown shading to white. Good feathers are like good lace and furs, and always repay a slight additional cost at the time of purchase. If you should happen to have two long scraggy plumes, do not throw them aside in despair. A most satisfactory plan is to send them to a good cleaner and have them amalgamated into one.

Overhauling the Wardrobe.

Now is the time between seasons when the careful and well-dressed girl will go over her wardrobe, and by renovating, planning, and restoring make good its deficiencies. The business girl, refreshed and brightened by a pleasant holiday, will not mind a little sewing in the evenings after work, and skirts can be braided, petticoats made neat, and various other repairs undertaken. Very soon, too, pretty muslin and lace underwear will have to be replaced by something quite as dainty perhaps, but thicker and warmer. Last year's winter clothing must be thoroughly overhauled, and also well aired before taking into wear.

To Clean Porcelain Saucepans.

During the season of fruit-preserving, many housewives will be glad of a hint on the proper way to clean porcelain saucepans. Fill the saucepans half-full of hot water, and put in the water a tablespoonful of powdered borax and let it boil. If this should not remove all stains, scour well with a cloth rubbed with soap and borax.

The Childrens Corner

The Naughty Little Frog.

By NELLIE POLLOCK.

IN a clear, sparkling stream, near a great, tall oak-tree, lived three happy little frogs. They romped and splashed merrily in the tiny little ripples of the cool water, while the sun danced in and out the bushes on the bank and the smooth blue sky smiled down upon them from o'erhead.

One morning, when the dear little brown birds were singing a soft little song to the brooklet, the Mother Frog peeped through the branches of the great oak, and saw the gleaming summer sky, and the fresh, dewy grasses near the edge of the pond.

"Oh, my dears," she cried joyously, "what a lovely morning—just the very day for my visit to your aunt! Come," she cried briskly, "I will have an early breakfast, so that I can start at once and spend the day with her."

"Can we come too? Oh, mother, dearie, *do* let us go as well!" cried the two little froggies, skipping about her in their excitement.

"No, my dears, you are quite too young to go out into the great green world yet," said the good Mother Frog, who was very proud of her little yellow darlings. "You see, I know how to take care of myself; but you are such merry, playful little dears, you might take a leap into the mouth of a great hideous cat; then she'd play with you and worry you until you died."

"Oh, oh, oh!" croaked the little froggies, and their eyes were wide with fright as they cuddled up close to their mother for safety.

"So, my little ones, you will be very careful and play nicely in the pond until I come back, and whatever you do, don't go too near the edge of the stream, for there are all kinds of monsters up on the bank who would gobble you up in a minute if they caught sight of you. Now, promise, my dears," she said, putting her head on one side, and looking at them anxiously out of her bright yellow eyes.

"Oh, yes, mother dear, we promise to be very good and obedient," they replied in dear sweet little voices.

"Ah, my dear children, I hope you will always do what I tell you," said Mrs. Frog as she bent over them fondly. "Now it is time I had breakfast." So they all sat round nicely while she divided a smooth green leaf between them. Then Mother Froggie took a little dive into the middle of the stream to freshen her up for the journey.

"[illegible], remember what I have told you," she said as she returned to her children. "If anyone comes near who is likely to hurt you, rush back to your hole as fast as you can. Now, I shall be back in time for tea, and perhaps I'll bring something nice with me," and she kissed them both and took a spring far out into the pool, and was soon splashing and jumping merrily through the cool fresh water. "I am so glad it is fine," she croaked to herself, as the sunlight danced in and out the bushes on the bank, and the blue of the sky reflected in the rippling stream. And some of the other froggies who lived in the pond peeped out from their holes and said, "Oh, just look at Mrs. Mother Frog, I suppose she is off for the day; doesn't she look smart and bright?" and the dear old Mother Frog felt just a wee bit proud as she thought of her fine smooth coat.

Now we must go back and see what the two little froggies were doing.

"Oh, the sky is so blue, and the bank is so fresh and lovely," said one froggie in a discontented voice. "And the birds and trees are so happy and bright," sighed the other, after they had been playing in the pond for a little while; and they sat near the bank, peeping up at the waving branches of the tall old tree, and the birds that whistled so merrily as they flew up—up—up to the smooth, pale sky.

"Everything is so beautiful and free up in the great wonderful world," said the discontented froggie. "The birds can fly in and out of the trees and up to the silvery clouds, but we must stop down here in this stupid, narrow little pond. Even the flowers live in a great wide field, where the sun kisses them, and the summer sky smiles down upon them; but we only jump and tumble about in this silly, nasty stream"; and the little frog gave a wilful, discontented little croak.

"Think of the great black monsters that live up on the bank," said the good little froggie; "wouldn't it be dreadful to be gobbled up!" And the dear, tiny fellow looked up at his brother with a look of fear in his brown eyes.

"Gobbled up! Oh, you stupid little thing," said the other, "do you believe all that rubbish? Why, mother only said it to frighten us!"

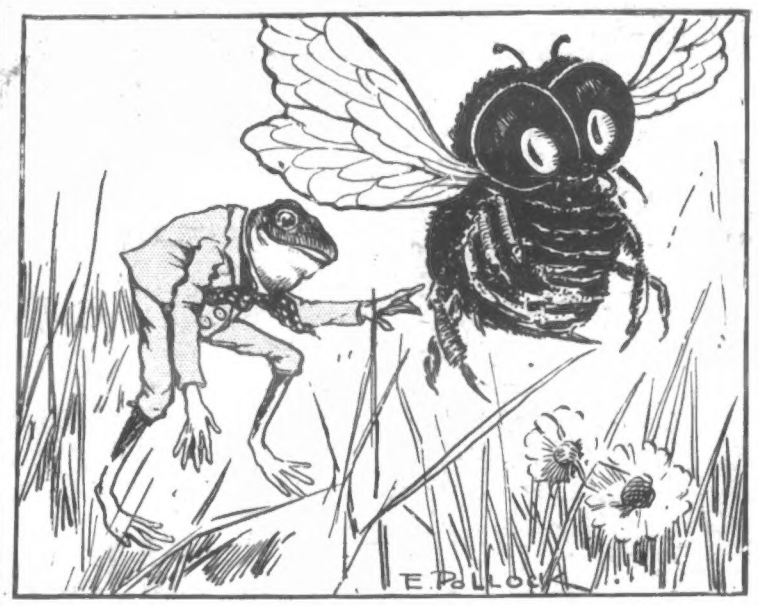
"Oh, froggie dear, I'm sure there are great, greedy, dreadful things up on the bank, for I have heard such queer grunts and growls sometimes. Let us go back into the water and play," he said coaxingly. And once more they played together for a time. But the discontented froggie croaked: "Oh, I'm tired of this; I'm going to watch the birds fly up to the trees." So, of course, his little brother followed him, for he was lonely by himself.

"Just look at that lovely patch of green by the foot of the tree," said the discontented frog, as he stretched out his little neck, "If we just took three little jumps we'd be right up in the world, and what fun we could have together! We'd roll and tumble in the grass and feed on the green leaves, and mother need never know anything about it, for, of course, we could get back in time for tea."

"Oh, think of what mother said!" whispered the frightened little frog. "And we promised——"

"Fudge, fudge, fudge!" cried the other impatiently. "It's quite time we saw a bit of the world—and—and—at any rate I will while I have the chance," said the naughty, disobedient frog obstinately. "And when I come back and tell you about the flowers, and the birds, and the long, fresh grass, you will cry and say—'Oh, how lovely it must be! I wish I had gone too.'"

"Oh, please don't go, brother dear," pleaded the tiny frog, tearfully. "Let's go back to the hole and wait for mother." But his brother was determined not to "go back and wait for mother," but gave a leap and three little jumps and landed on the lovely smooth bank. "Oh, how beautiful it is up here," he panted with delight. "The air is so sweet, and oh! what a feed I'll have off the leaves and grass"; and he rolled over and over in the long grass and croaked with joy, while his sad little brother sat near the edge of the stream looking up longingly at the bright green bank. "Shall I go too?" he thought, for he was just as anxious to see the world as was his brother, and the tiny frog was almost going to give one big jump and join the other froggie, when he suddenly thought of the promise they had given their mother, and he crept back sorrowfully into his hole and tried to wonder what his brother was doing.



HE JUMPED UP AFTER THE BEE, BUT SHE WENT BUZZING AWAY INTO THE CLOVER.

"What a funny-looking thing," said he froggie up on the bank, as a merry bee came buzzing by. "Oh, I shall just go and have some fun with her." So he jumped after the bee, and just as he seemed to have got quite close to her, away she went buzzing through the clover. "Oh, so you think I can't catch you, my lady; but I am just as clever as you," croaked the frog, as the bee flew swiftly past him. Away she went, buz, buz, buz; and up went the frog after her, croak, croak, croak, till suddenly the ground shook beneath him, and he heard dreadful shouts and screams.

"Oh, do come here," cried a shrill, eager voice. "Come, come quickly! Here's a lovely fat little frog; there it goes—quick—quick, or you'll lose him," and—and then—came the most dreadful moment in froggy's life, for he felt something grasp him so tightly that he couldn't move. "Oh, oh! I wish I had stopped in the pond with my brother," he cried. "Oh, why did I disobey mother? Oh, they are going to kill me!" But, of course, the children could not understand what he was saying, but they screamed with laughter. "Oh, what a funny little yellow thing he is—just listen to the noise he is making—oh, oh, I shall drop him in a minute; see how he struggles!" were the cries of the delighted children.

"I'm going to tie him in my handkerchief," cried the little boy who had him in his hand. "I expect he's come out of the frog-pond; come on, let's take him home." So they scampered off and put the croaking froggie into the garden. "Now we shall see him jump—look out!" they cried with delight; but the poor unfortunate little frog was too weak and helpless to jump, so when he was set free he fell on to the ground, with his tiny legs bent under him. Then they poked him to see if he would hop, but the pain was so dreadful that he squeaked louder than ever, and when the children got tired of teasing him, they ran off and left him to die in the garden. Poor little froggie, I almost feel as if I can hear him give his last croak, "Oh, I wish I could see mother and my brother—how I wish I was back in the dear, cool little pond where the birds smile and nod as they pass by, and the bright green branches wave to and fro in the breeze." And the little frog, overcome with pain and sadness, fell on to the grass—and died!

And the mother and brother. Ah, they waited together on the bank till the little stars peeped out at the sleeping birds, and all the earth was hushed to sleep, there they waited and waited for the other froggie—but he never came.

'P.I.P.' Gardener and Poultry Farmer.

My Garden Plans.

SEPT. 21 TO 27.—As I write we are basking in the heat of a delightful "Indian summer." In the short time that will elapse before these lines appear in print the weather will probably have changed very much for the worse, but the week or two of real sunny days, albeit the nights were cool and damp, have done much to ripen wood, to coax unexpected blooms, and in many other ways to delight the heart of the amateur gardener. I find now that garden work is not nearly as slack as it was, and potato digging and the gathering of apples and pears are in full swing. My other plans out-of-doors for the coming week include the bedding-out of young wallflowers in beds already emptied of summer stuff; if you have no seedlings of your own, you will be able to purchase good stocky plants for about a shilling a hundred. Instead of diminishing in popularity, the introduction of so many new varieties has brought wallflowers more to the front than ever of recent years. My lilies—tiger, auratum, rubrum, and so on—have done fairly well this season considering all things, though the blooms were late and of no great size. As the foliage dies away from these lilies I cut the old stalks to within three inches of the ground, and then carefully stir the surface of the soil and work in a little road sweepings or rotten manure. It is a good time now to thin out one's gooseberry and currant bushes; the cutting should not be too drastic, and the object should be to remove the centre growth where crowded, to keep the bush a good shape, and to admit light and air in every way possible. The present is also the season of bonfires, and I need hardly point out here the extreme value of the ashes, which should be scattered and dug into soil they will most benefit. Climbers call for attention now I find, and the Passion-flower, jessamine, and other creepers all need tying up and regulating.

The Man with the "Back-Yard."

Often during the season I have written specially for the man with the small back-garden—a type of amateur to be encouraged, for the smaller the ground the more perseverance is necessary, for fine blooms do not usually go with shut-in spaces. My friend with the small villa garden should now be up and doing if he wishes his place to wear a trim, cared-for appearance during the winter months. Half-hardy plants—geraniums, fuchsias, and so on—should now be taken up, potted, and transferred indoors, either to a greenhouse, the kitchen window-sill, or somewhere where they will be protected from frosts. Annuals—nasturtiums, sweet peas, etc.—should be rooted up and down away with. Evergreens — privet, euonymus, laurel—should be neatly trimmed up into shape. The patch of lawn should be closely cut and rolled and levelled where necessary with a dressing of sifted soil, road-sweepings, or some such-like matter. The paths should be carefully weeded and remade if they are in bad condition. All dead foliage, faded blooms, and weeds should be removed, and the enthusiastic amateur, as he has his autumn clear up, will plant bulbs for the spring display. It is surprising what excellent masses of colour and what a wealth of brightness a small back-garden may be made to yield, but tidiness is the constant keynote to success. Besides, if the garden be tidied now and the soil broken up and aerated, the work in springtime will be lessened, and that bedraggled, wintry appearance common to many villa gardens avoided.

A Giant Hollyhock.

I must congratulate the writer of the following letter upon his splendid hollyhock display. I am always delighted to hear from *P.I.P.* gardeners regarding their results. "Dear Sir," writes my correspondent from Dyehouse, Horbury, near Wakefield, Yorkshire, "I have a very good show of hollyhocks in front of my house, next to the road. A great many people stop to look at the plants. They are the finest I have ever seen, and a great many of my friends say the same. My plants now reach 12 ft. 8 in., but will grow still another five or six inches, and, of course, they are in full bloom. You must remember that the climate here is much colder than down South.—Yours truly, E. Lorraine." Come, let me hear from other *P.I.P.*-ites; perhaps some can create records of their own for sunflowers or vegetables, and others may beat Mr. Lorraine with hollyhocks.

Photo. Nicholls.

THE LAST OF THE CORN: A FINE FIELD OF WHEAT WAITING FOR THE REAPER.

REPLIES IN BRIEF

W. HOOPER.—Yes, a light dressing of basic slag would give your lawn that fineness you want. The slag would cost you about six shillings a hundredweight, though a bushel would serve your purpose.

PETER COCHRANE (Liverpool). — Black Wyandottes would suit you admirably as you want a first-class laying strain.

J. W. B.—Late, but not too late, to make up the strawberry bed. The plants would cost you four shillings or five shillings per hundred, and should go in just under two feet apart in all directions. Yes, the third year is the best for strawberry beds.

K. B.—Move your tiger-lily bulbs now. Replant them about seven inches deep, over a layer of sand or ashes, and dig out a good big hole, not a narrow one. These lilies make "stem roots" just under the surface of the soil, as well as roots from the bulb itself—hence the deep planting required.

I am always pleased to answer inquiries, and will do so through the post direct when a stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for the purpose. Address inquiries to me personally at the Offices of the *P.I.P.*, 172, Strand, London, W.C. A. COURLAND MARSHALL.

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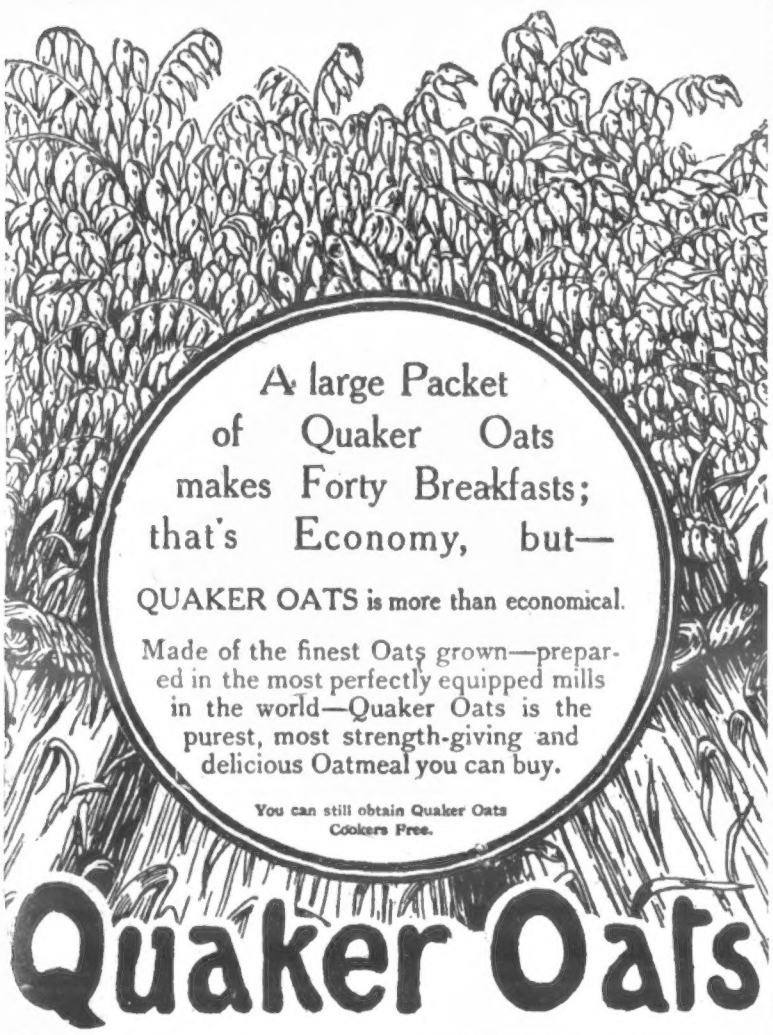

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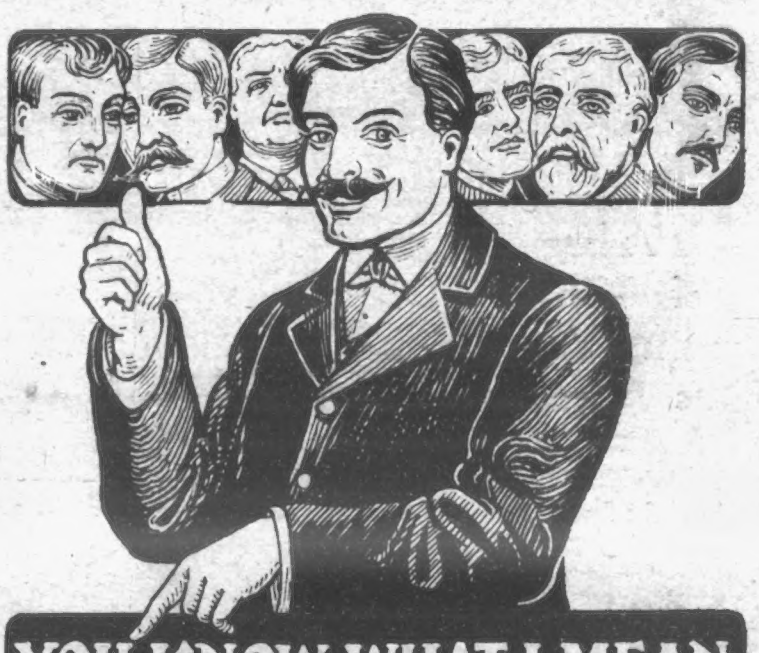

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